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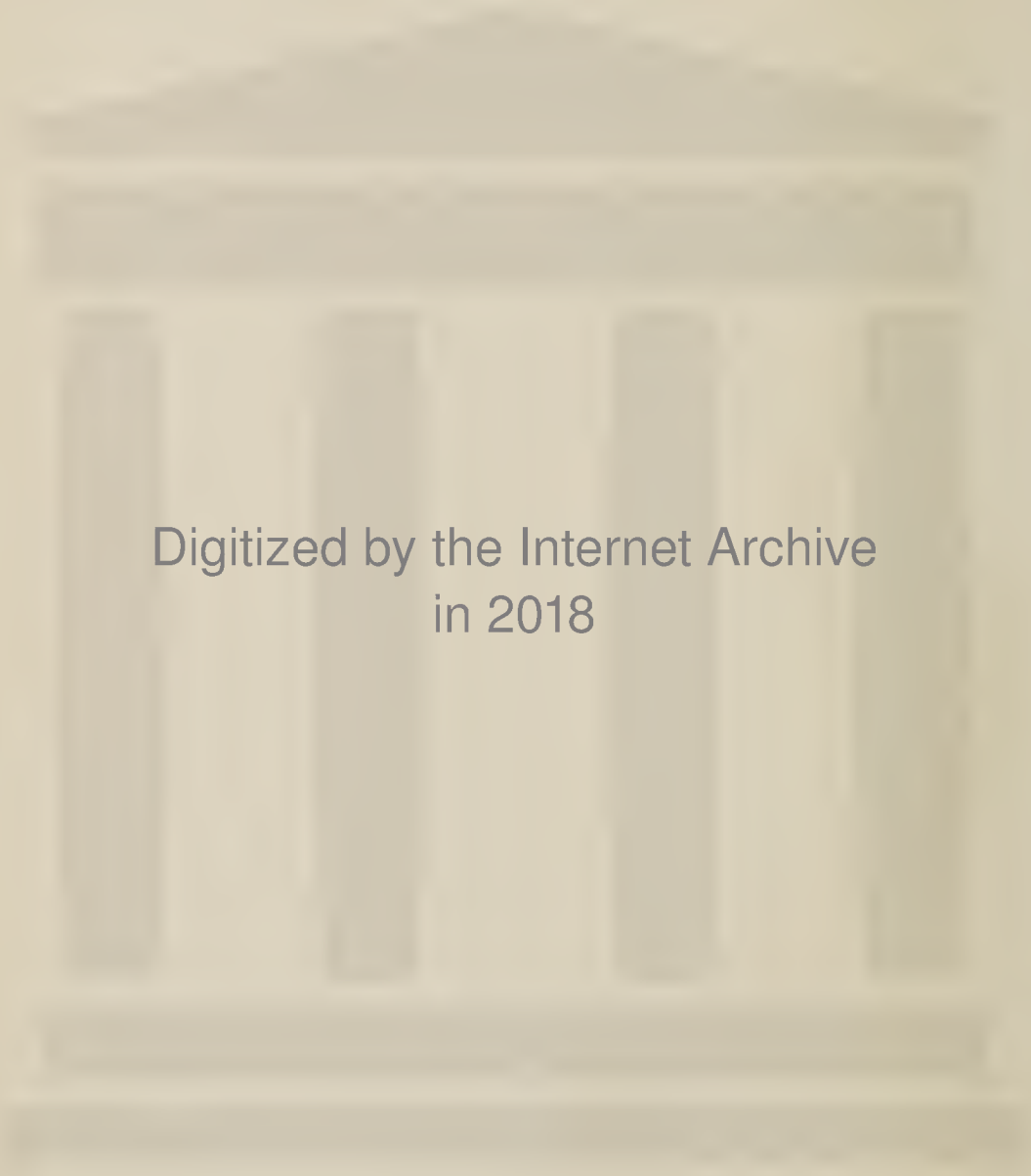

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MY 96 YEARS IN THE GREAT WEST

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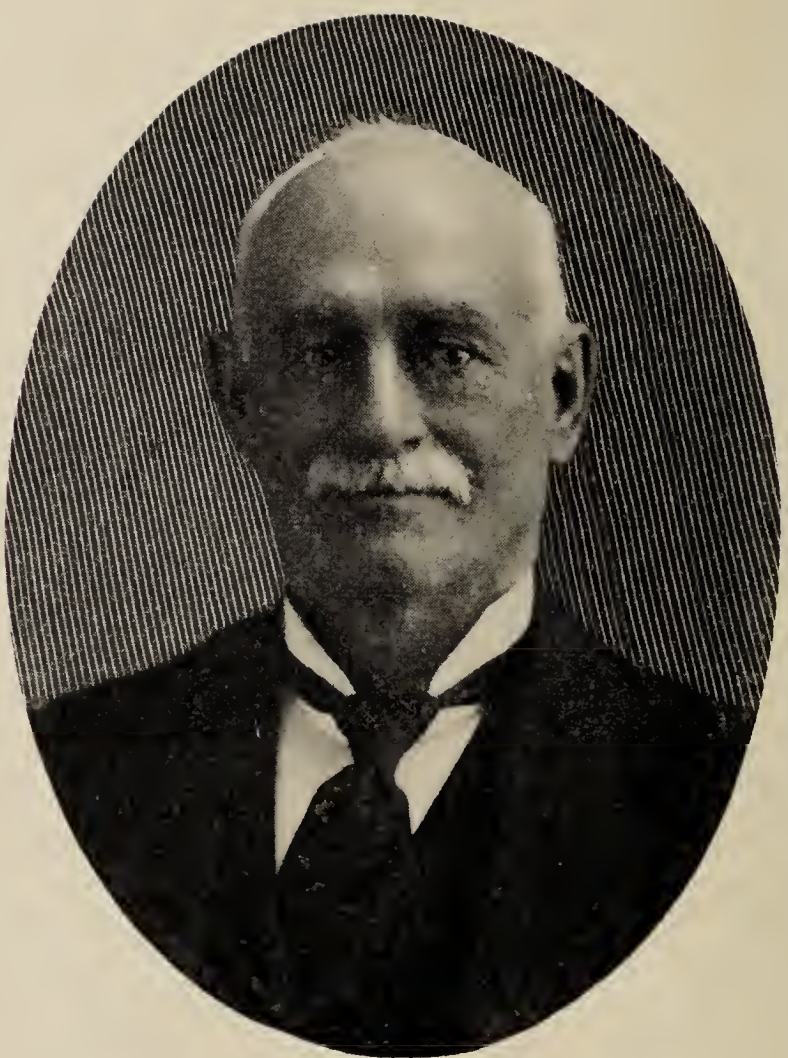

L. W. Griffith

MY 96 YEARS

In

THE GREAT WEST

INDIANA KANSAS

and

CALIFORNIA

G. W. E. Griffith

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Charlottee Freelove Clark, sister of G. W. E. Griffith, now living at Brazil, Indiana — passed 93 years old.

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FOREWORD

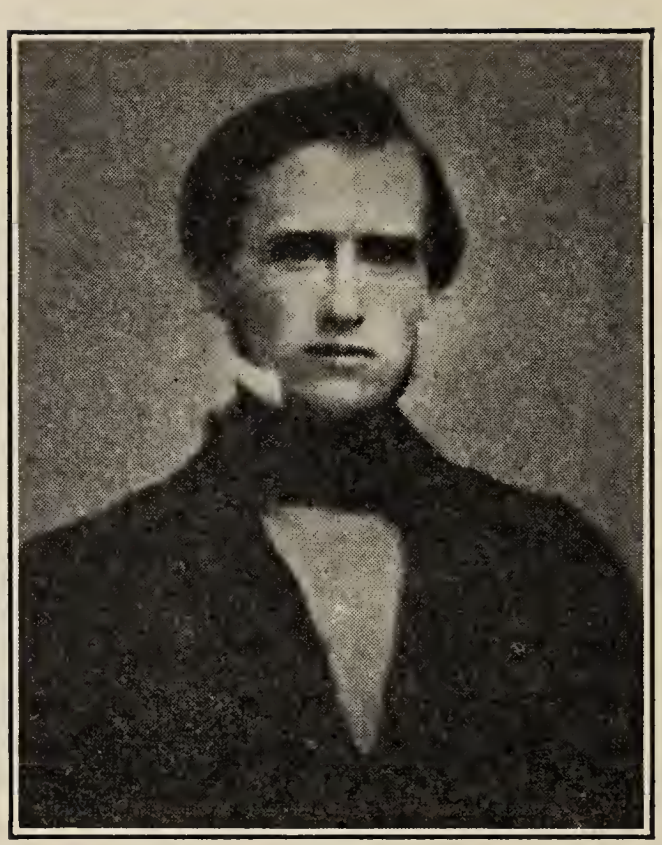
Having spent a long and busy life, and now approaching my 96th birthday, I have deemed it desirable to make a record of some of the incidents and conditions I have encountered and participated in, for two reasons outside any personal considerations of my own. I am in no way undertaking to write a biography. I realize that as a personality I am of small consequence when considered in connection with the very important and interesting historical events and conditions with which I have been associated. I believe that they possess such value as to make their recording desirable. Nor am I attempting to write a history of either the times or the events, but merely recording some personal experiences in connection with them.

The first reason for this book is that it deals with pioneer conditions in the great Mississippi Valley, conditions that have now passed and about which a true record can not be preserved, unless those who lived amind them and were a part of them contribute to the general volume of data, which historians will use to make a correct picture of a phase of American life that has gone forever.

The second reason is that I may give to young men of the present generation whatever help and encouragement there may be in my life experiences and observations, to aid

them in their struggle towards a goal of honorable and useful success in life. It is my experience that there is no real success, no genuine happiness, no honorable name, no declining years of peace and reminiscent satisfaction, possible, other than in a life of strict honesty and rectitude and of Christian good will towards all men. I shall be glad if these pages contribute anything whatever towards a realization of this fact by any young man who may read them.

George W. E. Griffith.



G. W. E. Griffith at 23 years of age

Piscilla A. Griffith, wife of G. W. E. Griffith. Taken when she was 23 years of age

CHAPTER I.

PIONEER DAYS IN INDIANA

I come of a pioneer family for several generations, and from a large family, as was customary in the earlier days of our country. My father, James Griffith, was the last of a family of nine and I was sixth in a family of eight. The children of both families survived the perils of infancy and childhood in fully as good a proportion as do those of the present age, under the new conditions of scientific diet and medical care. Dietetics as a science was unknown then to the fathers and mothers, and medical care and trained nursing were not so easily procurable as now. In fact, most families had almost none of either.

I am a Hoosier, by birth. I was born December 22, 1833, in a log cabin, of one room, not yet completed, near Burnett's Creek, two miles west of Battle Ground and six miles north of Lafayette, Tippecanoe County, Indiana, where Gen. William Henry Harrison defeated the Indians in 1811. That section of the state, near the Wabash River, was then almost a native wilderness. Settlements were few, and every family was engaged in clear-

ing a farm for itself and building a log house, of seldom more than two rooms. My father had recently moved there with my mother and five children, and the log cabin he erected for their shelter had not in it yet the fireplace necessary for heating in the winter time in that climate. A family of eight, including a baby, would somewhat crowd a single room in these days, but the pioneers of America for three centuries, almost down to the present hour, have been accustomed to such primitive conditions and under them have reared large families of sturdy children, which are the foundation on which our national character rests.

The floor of this cabin was made of split logs, smoothed on top. There was a large chimney at the front end of the cabin and a large fireplace, where logs were burned, and did double duty as heat for the house and for cooking the family meals. Cooking for a considerable family at an open fireplace was an art pioneer women acquired, but it has been practically lost by the passing of the conditions of living that rendered it necessary. The fireplace was succeeded by the wood stove, then the coal stove, then the kerosine or coal oil stove, then the gasoline and gas stove, then the electric stove. Those who eat our light cornbread of today cannot appreciate the johnnycake and pone baked in the open fireplace of a century or more ago.

This was a timbered country. Settlers then had an idea that the prairie land was not as good as the timber land. It also did not provide logs for building a house, nor wood to burn. So they settled in the latter first, and spent a long time and much labor in clearing it for occupancy and cultivation. Rich grass land could be purchased from the government for $1.25 an acre. Some was acquired much more cheaply than that. Land warrants were issued to soldiers at that price, but many of them sold their warrants at a large discount. About 1850, my father bought 600 acres in Coles County, Illinois, also in the Wabash region, for land warrants for which he paid 70 cents an acre, all smooth, level, rich land. Doubtless that land is now held at $200 an acre, or more.

It was hard work to clear our farm timber land into condition for the plow and for meadows for the stock. The timber was chiefly hard wood, such as black walnut, butternut, hickory, ash, maple, oak and elm. Trees had to be cut, the brush slashed and grubbed and the logs, limbs and brush dragged into piles and burned. Stumps were usually left in the ground to rot, and many of them continued in the fields for long years. That was not so bad, as long as we cut the grain with sickles, or scythes, but when the reaper came into use the stumps were a great obstacle, and finally had to come out. Some were pulled out

with teams, and some blasted out, though most of the very early ones rotted before the machinery age came in. Many days and weeks I put in at this toilsome task on my father's farm, picking, piling and burning brush, and it seemed an endless job. After the land was cleared, we had to hire it broken with a plow and two yoke of oxen before cultivation could begin. This cost from $2 to $3 per acre. This was because father could not give all his time to farm work.

Farm work was of a very primitive sort and involved much labor, but we children all helped in it. There was not much time nor opportunity to play, as that word is understood by children now. There were not boys enough of the same age in any neighborhood to get up games, and some of the popular games of today we never heard of. Yet we had good times and never realized our deprivation of opportunities for amusement. This almost continuous home life and work was especially true with our family, because my father was away from home most of the time.

Father was a minister of the United Brethren Church, and traveled a circuit covering a considerable territory up and down the Wabash, both in Indiana and Illinois, preaching in log school houses and an occasional log church and sometimes in private houses and log stores. He was a genuine "Circuit Rider,"

such as is described in the book of that name. His compensation was very meagre. He was allowed by the conference to collect $200 a year for his services. He seldom got so much, often very much less, for 12 months of hard riding, nights and days, in cold and heat, sunshine and storm, preaching to small congregations of a dozen or a score of people. Yet, in spite of this, he was rated in his denomination as a very able man, one so devoted to his calling as to submit both himself and his family to these necessary hardships in order to follow it. He continued this work for 50 years.

While he was away from home, my mother and my oldest brother, William Riley Griffith, and my sisters worked at home and supported the family

We raised our own food and much of our clothing, all of which was made at home. Wheat, corn and oats, were our chief crops for procuring a family income. We did all the farm work among us, except that we usually hired a man for two or three months each year during the crop season at $12 a month, and board, and then at harvest time we paid a dollar a day for cradlers to cut our grain. Although McCormick invented his reaper about that time, it was some years before it came into general use, and grain was cut with a cradle, which was in effect a scythe, with wooden supports above it, on

which the grain would lodge when cut and then be dumped at the end of the swing. Cradling grain was a job for a strong man, one who could stand the exertion for hours at a time. Those who raked the grain and bound it in bundles were paid 75c a day, but the man who handled the cradle always secured $1 per day.

There were no threshing machines then, and poor farmers did not have them until long after they were invented. We threshed the grain by spreading it on a hard, smooth floor, circular in shape, and riding horses over it to tramp out the wheat or oats. This was not much of an improvement over the method of Biblical days, 3,000 years before, in which time the injunction was given: "Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the grain." Even in our day, sometimes, oxen were used instead of horses. Many a day I rode one horse and lead another, round and round the threshing floor, while a man with a fork kept turning the grain over to assure all the kernels being freed from the ears.

Prices were very low and grain was shipped by boat, on the rivers. I often saw, at Lafayette, Ind., wagons loaded with wheat that had come over the poor roads as far as 50 miles, and the wheat sold at 40 to 50 cents a bushel. The roads were very poor and no railroads then existed. Transportation costs ate up the profits of grain culture. It was the same with

corn, which generally brought from 13 to 15 cents a bushel. Even with a large acre yield, this did not mean much cash to the family when the crops were sold.

We made our own butter, salted down our own pork, made our sausage, hams, bacon and dried beef. We grew our potatoes and vegetables. We had a "sugar camp," composed of about 100 maple trees, and each spring when the sap was running, we boiled it down and made maple sugar. It was the real thing in maple sugar, such as few enjoy today, but if we did not get enough to last throughout the year, we had to go without sugar when it was gone until the next season. Walnuts, butternuts, hickorynuts and hazelnuts were gathered in great abundance every fall for food.

Mother and the girls made our clothing. We had about 100 sheep, which we sheared ourselves. Many long evenings our hours were consumed in "picking wool," which means the careful picking over of the clip to take out of it burrs, sticks and all foreign substances. It was then sent to a mill in Lafayette, where it was washed and carded into long rolls. My sisters would then spin it into yarn and my mother weave it into cloth. We did our own color dyeing, with colors made from roots we children hunted for in the woods. Mother made pants and coats for us boys, and the girls knit socks for all, and

made dresses for mother and themselves. There was nothing much, except spices and various things, we did not raise on the farm, for which we needed to spend money. Support of school and church was comparatively a considerable item of expenditure. We even made our table linen, bed clothing, underwear, etc., from flax we grew, retted or "skutched," spun and woven at home.

One evening, while we were sitting about the fireplace, my sister, Loretta, teased father to buy her a new "store dress." He said: "Loretta, if we get 50 cents a bushel for our wheat, you shall have a new dress." The material for this dress would not cost more than $2.50, and yet, he had to figure on the price of crops before venturing to promise.

It required 10 yards of calico for a dress, somewhat more than now. Perhaps an incident will impress more strongly what this rigid economy meant in the lives of such pioneer families as ours.

One day father took several of us children to Battle Ground, two miles distant, where General William Henry Harrison had his great fight with the Indians, the famous battle of Tippecanoe. It is one of the historic spots of the country, and is visited every year by thousands. A show was going on, and we were so eager to see it that father took us all in at a total cost of fifty cents. When we re-

turned home and told mother what a fine time we had been having, she burst into tears and said that she had worked hard all day, weaving at the loom and we had squandered every cent she had earned.

It cost money then to carry on a correspondence, and it took time, also, if the letter had to travel far by either stage or steamer, or both. Postage was 25 cents a letter, collectable on delivery. One day a neighbor told us there was a letter for us in the post office. It required twenty-five cents to get it. A canvass of the family revealed the fact that such a large sum was not in our possession, and we had to send out and borrow it before we could get our letter. Now we send an ordinary letter clear across the continent for two cents and by air mail for five, and it goes from Los Angeles to New York in two days.

While most of the amusements of today were denied us, we probably enjoyed life as well as do the young people of the present time. Enjoyment results from the spirit with which one does things, rather than the multitude of things to do or to do with. It was Our Master who said: "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things he possesseth." We had plenty to eat, warm and abundant clothing in the fashion of the day and not in contrast with our surroundings, and thus nothing to make us ashamed or dis-

contented. Neighborhood parties gave us recreation and sociability. We boys had good times gathering nuts and hunting coons, opossums, quail, pigeon, squirrels, rabbits and other wild animals and in fishing in the streams, which were well stocked with fish. Debts did not worry us, because we had none. Nor did we have the mortgage on the farm, which seems now to be the regular thing. If we did not have money with which to buy luxuries, we at least, lived well and were happy.

Perhaps we might have had more money, and bought more things if father had remained at home and assisted in managing and growing crops. But he was engaged in religious work, which he held to be his duty and we were not only willing that he should thus follow the calling to which he had devoted his life, but we were proud of him. He had a very wide acquaintance as a result of his years of circuit riding and preaching, and a fine reputation for integrity and ability, and was held in high esteem among the leaders of his denomination all over the country.

My mother would have fretted a great deal had there been a mortgage on our home. A few of our neighbors had them, and the details were known and discussed all over the neighborhood. The people commented on the ability of the mortgagor to pay and the prospects of losing the home, as occas-

ionally happened. I remember that when a newcomer bought a farm and paid only part of the purchase price and gave a mortgage for the remainder, it was a topic of general discussion in the entire community. Now, far more farms and city homes are bought on partial payments than for cash, and it seems to be working out well. It is the only way the majority of families can get a home for themselves, and escape the drain of rent paying. Conditions of life and of living are constantly changing, and it is almost impossible to compare in a critical way the customs of one generation with those of another. What was impossible 75 years ago is easy now, and much that was easy then is impossible now. We older people are apt to forget this in judging the present age, while those of today do not, and perhaps can not, understand the conditions of pioneer days in the great Mississippi Valley. We need tolerance of judgment both ways.

To show that our condition in life was much like that of all the other pioneers, I will relate an incident. I went with my father one day across the Wabash into Coles County, Illinois, to inspect some land he was buying from the Government with soldier land warrants he had bought at 70 cents an acre, and were worth $1.25 an acre in land payment. I sold some of this land later at $5.00 an acre, as is related elsewhere.

My father, as circuit rider, was well acquainted in this region and we went to a settler's house to spend the night. This family was considered one of the most prosperous in that region. We found them living in a log house of a single room. In it they cooked and slept and did all their indoor work and lived when housed up in winter. When we sat down to the table for supper, father and I were given the only two cheap wooden chairs in the house and the rest sat on trunks and crude stools and benches. This would not be considered even tolerable in these days, but these excellent people lived that way and did not feel poor nor abused. They owned their place, such as it was, out of debt, with plenty to eat and to wear and no mortgage to worry them. I presume that farm today, if not subdivided, is worth $30,000 or more.

CHAPTER II.

GETTING AN EDUCATION

Getting an education in the early days of Indiana was not an easy thing, if one desired to go beyond the "Three Rs." Public schools as we know them now were impossible. Population was not dense enough nor was there money enough with which to build good school houses and pay teachers. Free schools, as they now exist, were not then known. Those were the days of "the little red school house." These little, one-room school houses generally stood at a cross-roads, and were attended by boys and girls of all ages for a distance of several miles around. In our case, as in that of many other neighborhoods, a log building was erected by volunteer labor and enough money was raised by subscription to pay a teacher for four months in a year, the teacher living by "boarding 'round" from family to family.

Often, some of the children could not begin attending the first few days or weeks in the fall, because their clothes had not yet been made for the winter. Shoes were the chief trouble. We killed a beef in the early fall and took the hide to Lafayette to be

tanned. We then bargained with the local shoemaker to make shoes for the whole family and take his pay in corn meal, buckwheat flour, wheat flour, fresh pork and other products of the farm. When the shoes were finished, we were ready for school. Money with which to pay the teacher was usually raised by subscription, each family paying what it could.

Such education as I received in my earlier years was acquired in this way. I had few books to read until later years. Fortunately, when I was 17 years of age, I had an opportunity to go to college. My oldest brother, William Riley Griffith, several years before, had been very anxious to get an education, but father was not in a position to give him much help. It was not as easy as it is now to work one's way through college, not so many different kinds of jobs to secure. My father decided that he could assist him to the amount of $100. So my brother William, went to Greencastle, Indiana, and began a college course. By great economy and by earning money, teaching school, he got through college and graduated at Asberry University, at Greencastle, a Methodist school presided over by the noted Bishop Simpson. My brother, after graduating, became the head of Otterbein University, just established at Westerville, Ohio. Soon after that, he was offered the presidency of Mt. Pleasant Col-

lege, then being established in Westmoreland County, Pa., by the United Brethren Church, which he accepted.

Before taking his new position he visited our home and asked my father to let me go with him and begin a college education. My mother had died and all my sisters had married, and left home, except Charlotte, younger than I, and so father decided to break up the home. He promised to aid me to the extent of $100. So in the fall of 1850, while I was not quite 17 years old, I went with my brother to Mt. Pleasant College. We went to Indianapolis and then took the cars to Madison, Ind., on what I believe then was the only railroad in the state, and at Madison, we took a steamer on the Ohio River to Pittsburgh, then another boat to West Newton, Pa., and then by stage to Mt. Pleasant. At that time the Pennsylvania railroad was under construction, but not yet running.

I went to live with the family of David Keister, and paid the enormous sum of $1.50 a week for room and board.

My roommate was H. B. Fry, a fine young man, studying for the ministry. At that time, one of the teachers, a widow, named Mrs. McFadden, and I were very close friends. Whenever she wanted anything, she would ask me to attend to it for her. She treated me like a son and gave me much good advice. In due

time, Mr. Fry became well acquainted with her, and they became engaged, though she was considerably older than he was. He continued his studies and they finally were married. When he entered the ministry, he had a call to a church in Missouri and they went there. Some years later, in one of my business trips, I called at their home and had a nice visit. At another time, he called on me at my Kansas home, but I was not at home and did not see him. That is the last I ever heard of these two of my closest and best friends during my college days.

In Westmoreland County, Pa., I found conditions far different from those along the Wabash, in the state of Indiana, where my early life was spent.

The farms were much older and well improved with good houses and barns. The people were well off and many had money to loan. For a year and a half I made fine progress and began planning for a higher education at Oberlin College, when I received a letter from my father, asking me to come home. He had married again and had reopened the old home and wanted me to return and work the farm. I had already selected a young woman for a wife, Miss Priscilla A. Horbach. Her father was a well known and wealthy farmer, and did not want a poor Hoosier boy in his family. But this view of her father did not influence his

daughter. I assured her that I would return and finish my education, and she promised to wait for me.

I left Pennsylvania and returned to the old home and began plowing and planting and doing the farm work generally. After harvest, it was decided that I should get a school to teach during the winter and then, with the money earned, return to Mt. Pleasant and resume my studies. My father advised me to go to Vermilion County, Ind., to the richest part of the county south of Newport, the county seat. Father was well acquainted there and directed me to a Mr. Hudson and Mr. Jackson, trustees of the school, there. In a conference with them, I asked $25.00 a month for my services. Mr. Hudson said they had never paid more than $20, and "board around." Mr. Jackson advised that I be employed at $25.00.

"The people will grumble at the price," said Mr. Hudson.

"Oh, they would grumble if they were to be hung," said Mr. Jackson. Mr. Hudson gave in and I got the school. I was the first teacher who ever got as high as $25 a month in that old school house, two miles south of Newport, Ind. I taught school then six months. In the spring I returned to Mt. Pleasant and resumed my studies for a year. I taught school, also, one term at Overton,

near Mt. Pleasant, and one term at "Texas," the nickname for a suburb of Mt. Pleasant.

I was still attending school in the spring of 1854 and living at my brother's home, when Dr. W. E. Boardman, Superintendent of the American Sunday School Union, of Philadelphia, called to see my brother. He explained that he was in charge of the development of Sunday Schools, and would be glad to give employment to any students during vacation, who were competent to do that sort of work. I accepted his offer and undertook to do the work in Westmoreland County, to begin as soon as the school year closed.

I took up this work and for four months traveled all over the county, establishing Sunday Schools and making many acquaintances. I did good work and at the end received a letter from Mr. Boardman, saying that I had been one of the best men in the field, that year. Sunday Schools were somewhat new then, and many congregations had none, and there was a great opportunity for this work. Sometimes, there was considerable opposition to overcome. Many churches were opposed to such an innovation in the old life of the church.

I made considerable trouble in one large and prosperous church. It was divided on the question. After organizing the school and securing money for a library, I found the church door locked against me the next

Sunday. It almost split the church. The pastor, Rev. Hacke, favored the school, but he was a diplomat and would not take a stand for either side. He refused to take any part in the school exercises, even as much as to offer a prayer at the opening services some weeks after the school was started. In view of the wonderful Sunday Schools we have in these days and the extreme importance now felt of the religious education of the young, this opposition to establishing such schools as a part of the church work seems very strange, to say the least. But every forward step of the human race has been taken over the opposition of very good and very earnest people. At the conclusion of this work, I determined to give up school, get married and seek a home in Kansas.

I am speaking elsewhere of the influence upon me in my selection of Kansas as my future home in 1854 of an editorial by the famous editor of the New York Tribune, Horace Greeley. Another thing that came to my knowledge the same year also made a strong impression upon me. It was an incident in the early life of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the famous pulpiteer of Brooklyn, whose addresses and letters in England during the Civil War had so much to do with making the British people acquainted with facts and conditions and sentiment in the United States and helped to prevent England from

making the mistake of recognizing the belligerency and independence of the seceding states. This incident, however, occurred many years before that time.

When, as before related, Dr. Boardman came to Mt. Pleasant College to see my brother, William, who was president of the college, to find some student who would undertake to work under him during the summer months in organizing Sunday schools, I was present when he related the following incident in the life of Beecher. It carries such a lesson of parental wisdom as well as of youthful good judgment, that I believe it to be not only interesting as an anecdote of one of the nation's famous men, but of great educational value. I relate it practically as I heard it that day.

Henry Ward Beecher was a son of Dr. Lyman Beecher, also a famous preacher, and was born in 1813. As this incident occurred when he was about 16 years of age, at which time his father was pastor of a church in Boston, that must have been the scene. It was about four years before I was born and thus about 25 years before Dr Boardman related it to my brother and me.

Henry was keenly desirous of going to sea. Like the average boy he thought only of the going and not much of what would happen to him afterwards and especially nothing at

all about the future to which such a start would tend to lead him. The glamour of the sea and of sea adventure cast its spell over him, and he both knew and thought little about the life of a common sailor, especially during his apprentice year, or what future opened up to the uneducated seaman.

His father was naturally opposed to such a career for Henry. Nor did he want Henry's education interrupted at that age by a sea voyage of possibly a year, with all the influences the forecastle of a ship would bring into his life. Henry well knew this and so he decided to "run away to sea," which so many American boys have done, usually to their great regret. He therefore shipped as apprentice on a vessel lying in the harbor which was to sail the next morning at daylight. In the evening he wrote a letter of farewell to his father, telling him why he had done as he did, because he knew his father would not consent, and left the letter on a stand in his bedroom, expecting that by the time his father found and read it, the writer would be getting his first taste of the "bounding billows" and enjoying his first seasickness. But, alas for his plans, the sailing was postponed for a day. The letter was found by a servant and taken to Dr. Beecher, who consulted the paper to see the shipping news and learned of the postponed sailing of the ship. He had the letter sealed up again

and replaced on the stand in Henry's room, and awaited developments. Soon Henry came quietly back and hastened to his room and was overjoyed to find his letter still on the stand, unopened and unread as he supposed.

Dr. Beecher called him into his study and, without letting him know that he was aware of his plans, began to talk to him about his future. He told him that he was very anxious for his son to make a success in life, to adopt and follow some career that would make him of use to his fellow men. This could not be done, he said, unless proper educational preparation were made for it. Nothing worth while in life is done by one who has not equipped himself for the task. He told the anxious and uneasy boy, that he did not want to dictate or even urge what career should be adopted, but merely that proper preparation for it be made, and said that Henry's choice was perfectly free, but that it was now time to make it. Henry blurted out.

"Oh, father, I'm so glad. I want to go to sea."

"Very well," said the wise father, "That is a very honorable and useful career, provided you fit yourself for it and become an officer who can render valuable service. The life of a common sailor is a hard one and of but little use to society, but a skilled marine officer, able to command a vessel, leads a very use-

ful and honorable life. Now I want to send you to college, to enable you to get the sort of education to make you fit to command a large vessel and thus become of importance and value in your chosen profession."

This all sounded so wise, so kind, so in harmony with his own desires, that he was able to restrain his longing for immediate trial of sea life and accept his father's offer to send him to college. He matriculated at Amherst College, and was graduated in 1834. During his life at Amherst a much larger vision of service than that possible to a sea captain captured his imagination, and he decided to devote his life to the ministry. After graduation he entered Lane Theological Seminary, and thus began his great pulpit career of usefulness and influence upon our national life.

To me this incident seems to bear an important lesson to the hasty and arbitrary father, who, instead of wisely leading his son from wrong paths to right ones, seeks to dominate his will, with usually complete failure. The boy who has the stuff in him to become great is not easily dominated nor changed from his chosen course by force and dictation. The wise father leads and counsels and the wise son accepts such leadership and counsel when wisely and lovingly given.

CHAPTER III.

ELOPEMENT TO KANSAS

In 1820 Missouri was admitted in the Union. There was a strong opposition to the admission of any more states in which slave holding was legalized. After a hot debate, congress passed a law admitting Missouri into the Union, as a slave state, with an amendment, known as the "Missouri Compromise," which prohibited slavery in any territory west of what was the western line of the new State of Missouri.

In 1854, Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, senator from Illionis, introduced a bill, organizing the territories of Kansas and Nebraska, which repealed that portion of the law of 1820, prohibiting slavery in all territories west of the western line of Missouri. This repeal of the Missouri Compromise was strongly opposed by the old Whig party, in all the free states, and by great numbers of Northern Democrats. This situation was the foundation of the organization of the Republican party and the death of the Whig party. The passage of this new law, repealing the Missouri Compromise, created a great contest, and resulted in the election, in 1860, of Abraham

Lincoln as President. This repeal of that old compromise of 1820 resulted in the Civil War and the abolition of human slavery in the United States.

The new doctrine adopted in 1854 was "the freedom of choice," by which new states could, themselves, choose whether to be slave or free, when admitted into the Union.

Because of this freedom of choice doctrine, there immediately arose a contest between the slave owners and supporters on the one hand and the opponents of slavery, the "black abolitionists," as they were sometimes called, to see which side could get the most people into Kansas and thus determine its status as a future slave state or free state. The Kansas-Nebraska bill passed congress in the early summer of 1854, involving this freedom of choice principle for them. Immediately, there was great activity in the matter of emigration to Kansas. Nebraska was considered safe for freedom, but Kansas was more than doubtful. I read an editorial in the New York Tribune, calling upon all young men who wanted to make a start in life, to go west, to Kansas and build up a home. This was the celebrated "Go West, Young Man; Go West," editorial of Horace Greely. I said to myself: "That means me."

This editorial, by Horace Greeley, became

very famous and was in later years quoted freely, especially the single phrase: "Go west, young man, go west." Some years later, on one of my trips east, I called on Mr. Greeley in his office in the editorial rooms of the New York Tribune, and told him how his editorial had inspired my going to Kansas. He told me that only a few days before, another man had told him the same thing, and he had been trying to find the editorial, but could not do so, as he had forgotten all about it. It is strange, because probably no single utterance Mr. Greeley ever made has been so often quoted and done so much to inspire young men to go into the west, all the way from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean.

Miss Horbach would be 21 years of age in September and I, in December. We would then both be of age and could do as we pleased.

I did not go to see her, but called on her aunt, and gave her a letter which fully explained my plans. This aunt was a close friend of my intended bride and delivered the letter to her and conferred with her My brother, president of the college, advised me to see her father, Abraham Horbach, a prominent man, living on the "clay pike," about five miles from Mt. Pleasant, and have a talk with him. A few days before the date set for our marriage, I met him in Mt. Pleasant

and went up to him, and ask his consent to marry his daughter. He promptly said:

"That can never be, and I do not want you to come to my house any more."

I replied that I would comply with his wishes about not going to his house, but expressed no opinion or promise about anything further. I selected two fine young men, Daniel Eberly and William Allen, fellow students in the college, and warm friends of mine, to aid me in my plans. Professor Dillon, one of the instructors at the college, also took an interest in the matter. He sat up all night to call my friends at 3:00 o'clock in the morning, to get a team to drive us on our new journey of life. They arrived a few minutes after that time and I got into the carriage with them and we drove about five miles to within a short distance of Mr. Horbach's house, a large, brick mansion, which had been Priscilla's home from infancy.

She was on the watch for us and when she saw us coming, she raised the window and began dropping bundles of clothing to the ground. We gathered these up and she slipped softly down stairs and came out to join us. We drove directly to Greensburg, arriving just at daylight, and went to a hotel where I had often stopped and was acquainted. We procured a minister, whom I knew, Rev. S. H. Geisey, and he performed the ceremoney at the hotel, after which we all went

in to a wedding breakfast. This was October 19, 1854.

We re-entered the carriage and drove towards Pittsburgh, intending to take the train when it overtook us, which we did. Allen and Eberly would not leave us, but left the carriage and entered the train, to accompany us to Pittsburgh. At that city they saw us safely on board the cars for Indianapolis, and then returned to Mt. Pleasant to carry the news of what had happened that day.

I was not the only member of the family headed for Kansas. My brother, a short time before my wedding, decided to go to the new territory and help make it a free state. He resigned his presidency of the college, and somewhat later went to Kansas and was there when I arrived, as it took me a whole year to get to my destination.

It was a long night ride for us to Indianapolis. There were no sleeping cars in those days, and we sat up all night in the stiff-back car seats, and were glad when morning came and we reached the city. It was my purpose to visit a short distance from Indianapolis, and I went into the railroad ticket office to buy the tickets, and there I had an experience that was characteristic of those days, and one I went through a number of times later, until Uncle Sam rendered it no longer possible. To understand it, some financial history is necessary.

There was no federal government currency like the greenbacks, federal reserve notes, gold notes, silver certificates, etc., which form the circulating medium of today. Currency was issued by banks, direct. They were state banks and their currency issue was based upon state bonds. If the bonds of any state were at a discount, so were the notes based upon them. The solvency of the bank itself was also a factor in determining the value of its script in the market. That meant that the notes of banks in one state were discounted in an adjoining state and the discount constantly changed. Also the notes of some banks were refused entirely in some states. All the banks had a schedule of values of all bank issues everywhere in the country, but this was not kept up to date by daily revision, as is the case with stocks and bonds now, with the result that even the banks did not agree as to what certain bank notes were worth.

When anything was bought, especially by a stranger, and bank notes issued under state laws were offered in payment, they all had to be examined and their value determined before being accepted. Often those offered were rejected entirely. If one were traveling and wanted to go beyond the limits of the state in which the bank note he offered for payment for his ticket, was issued, he was

likely to discover that his money was not good. Steamers plying across Lake Michigan, for instance, between Chicago and Michigan ports, had to distinguish between Illinois money and Michigan money in selling tickets.

An end to this situation was made the second year of the Civil War, because of the tremendous confusion into which the finances of the nation were plunged. Congress created the greenback, which is nothing more than a government promissory note, and in order to force the state bank notes out of circulation, a tax of 3½ per cent on all bank circulation was levied. This the banks could not stand and they called in and cancelled all their circulation at whatever rate they were able, such as did not fail entirely.

However, so large were the successive issues of greenbacks, given by the government in payment of all war and other federal expenses and thus put into general circulation, that the credit of the government was impaired, in view of the uncertainties of the war, and they constantly declined in value as compared with gold. At one time during the war they fell nearly as low as three dollars in currency for one in gold. Nobody used gold, but the parity of value was represented by a steady rise in the prices of all things. This worked hardships on all who worked for wages, because wages did not rise as fast as prices, which

always happens with unstable currency. The Confederate government also issued currency and paid all its expenses with it. The soldiers of both armies were paid in currency, with the result that the Federal soldier, whose pay was $14 a month, really got less than half that, and the Confederate soldier got practically nothing, as it took almost an armful of the stuff his government issued to buy a pair of shoes.

At the end of the war it was worth nothing, except as a souvenir and it was too plentiful at that time to be considered of value even for that purpose. It has some value now as a curiosity. After the war, greenbacks steadily rose in value, as shown by a decline in prices, until 1876, when the country returned to the gold basis by offering a gold dollar for a paper dollar for all who wanted the gold. Since then, paper money and specie have had an equal commercial and exchange value, although gold and silver have not always maintained their comparative values as metals.

So it was the state currency system that caused me trouble in Indianapolis, when I changed cars and wanted to buy tickets to Brookston, Ind. The agent would not accept some of my money without a large discount. Fortunately, my newly-made wife had a three-dollar gold piece, something the government has long since ceased to coin, and gave it to me to help pay for the tickets. Thus

early she began to be "an helpmeet." We stopped that night at Brookston, at the home of Solomon Hays, a brother-in-law, husband of my sister Eliza, a stock dealer, who took my discredited money and gave me some that would pass without discounting. He said the money I gave him was good enough to buy cattle with, by which he meant that the farmers knew little about the comparative exchange value of bank notes and took it all at face value.

My father had sold the old home near Lafayette and had removed to Perrysville, Ind., on the Wabash river, and after visiting in Brookston a few days, we took a canal boat, there being no raliroad, and landed the next day at Perrysville. Our trunks were set out on the bank two miles distant from the town. No one lived within sight, so we left out trunks there and made the rest of the way on foot, sending back for the trunks. We would scarcely risk that now.

We were thus far on our way to Kansas, but I had no more money. In order to earn some, I organized a subscription school in Perrysville, every pupil paying a monthly rate, and was quite successful in teaching it for six months, so much so, in fact, that I was compelled to hire an assistant teacher, Miss Belle Sherfey. But even what I made in that way was not enough to proceed on. My father came to the rescue. Some years before, he

had entered some government land in Coles Co., Illinois, west across the Wabash river, which had cost him 70 cents an acre in soldier script. He gave me 120 acres of this land, with the understanding that he would charge me interest on it only if he needed it. I sold the land for $5 an acre and with the $600 and my teaching money, had a fund for settling on a new home in Kansas.

We bought a team and a new wagon, with a cover, and loaded up, ready for the start. We were accompanied by Henry Blair, grandson of an old gentleman who was a great anti-slavery man and wanted to aid the young man to go to Kansas and help make it a free state. It was September 23, 1855, when we started from Perrysville. After we were all loaded up and ready to go, my father called us into the house, the whole family being assembled, and offered up an earnest and eloquent prayer to God to guide and protect us on our journey and in our new home. That prayer, 74 years ago, has gone with me all through a busy life.

The first night we camped at Danville, Ill., the town since made famous as the home of Speaker Joe Cannon. Henry Blair looked up hay and grain for the team and I found wood and built a fire for Priscilla to cook a meal. We made our bed in the wagon and slept soundly, dreaming of the new home in the

West. After a campfire breakfast in the morning, we started on our way. The next town in my recollection was Urbana, then a very small place, but now the seat of the large and splendid University of Illinois. We passed through Jacksonville, Ill., which was the most beautiful place I had ever seen. Its green hedges, flowers and shade trees and lovely homes appealed to us, and we discussed the subject of making our home there. We decided that we had a mission to perform in Kansas, but that after that had been done and we had made some money, we would return and take up a residene in Jacksonville, but we never did. Other things crowded into our lives and our dream of a home in that beautiful Illinois town faded.

We continued our journey, usually making about 25 miles a day, in order not to overwork the team and keep the horses in good condition. So we went leisurely along day after day, often walking and playing like children along the way. We had all the fruit given to us we could eat and often bought chickens for ten or fifteen cents and had a feast by the wayside. One night, to avoid rain, we abandoned our bed in the wagon and stopped at a house, where we were treated with great hospitality. Our hosts begged us to remain several days and enjoy ourselves hunting, but our thoughts were on Kansas

and our new home, and we went on.

We crossed the Missouri river at Booneville, Mo. We passed through Butler and Clinton, Mo., both now considerable towns, but then with only two or three houses. We arrived at Fort Scott, Kansas, Oct. 21, 1855, having been 29 days on the road. There I found my brother, William, with his family, in a log cabin, in the woods on the Marmaton river bottom, about five miles from the town. We were now in Kansas, the long sought and wished for, and were ready to enter upon the new life and meet whatever might come to us in the struggle for home and human freedom upon which we had entered.

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CHAPTER IV.

PIONEERING IN KANSAS

My brother, William R. Griffith, had preceded me almost a year, and had already become a man of prominence. He was elected delegate from Bourbon County, where he had located, to the constitutional convention to be held at Topeka. We went to his home first, but I preferred to look around more before settling, and so accepted his invitation to go to Topeka with him, leaving Mrs. Griffith at his home. We drove to Topeka, where, after a few days, I left him attending to his duties and drove out in search of a place to settle. On the way to Topeka, we passed through Lawrence, then quite a new city. The business structures on Massachusetts street were temporary buildings, some of them only tents. One or two fortifications were built in the middle of the streets, for defense against raids that had been threatened from Missouri. The Eldridge House had been attacked and burned by an organized party from Lecompton, led by the United States Marshal. The grand jury had declared the house to be a nuisance and the headquarters of a plot to destroy the territorial government, which was then in proslavery

hands. It's owner, S. W. Eldridge, rebuilt it and operated it for many years.

I drove to a new settlement called Prairie City, in the southern part of Douglas county, about two miles southwest of a little place called Palmyra, but later changed to Baldwin, now the seat of the well known Baker University.

I selected a tract of 160 acres just south of the line between Douglas and Franklin counties, and paid $150 to a man named Timmons for his rights to the land claim. He had built a log cabin about 25 feet square, with a roof of split shingles and a clapboard door, with a wooden latch. There was one window about two feet square and the floor was made of split logs, smooth side up and fitted together as well as could be done, but the best that could be done did not prevent cracks between the logs in some places two inches. A large fire place with a chimney was in the room, and here my wife did all the cooking, much as mother did in the early settlement in Indiana.

When the convention was over, which my brother was attending, I went back to Topeka to get him, and we went back to his home, where my wife had been staying, and she and I then proceeded to our new place and began the task of making a home.

Besides the cabin, the improvements on

the place consisted of 10 acres that had been plowed, but no fence of any sort. We practically began at the bottom. It was not a cheerful outlook, but my wife looked it over and then said she was satisfied and that it was better than she had expected. Although, she had always lived in a two-story, brick house on a well equipped and kept farm, she took hold of this raw land and practically empty cabin of a single room, with fine spirit, and we were perfectly happy in our work of creating a home. There was practically no furnishing.

The first thing we needed was a bed. I bored holes in the log wall, with a two-inch augur and in them stuck the ends of hickory poles, which I supported at the other end with standards two feet high. For bed slats, I went into the woods and cut down a tree and split it lengthwise into strips, which I laid on the hickory frame. Then I went out upon the prarie, mowed some grass, let it lie till dried in the sun. We had brought two bed ticks with us and these I filled with the dry grass. I had made two of the bedsteads and with two bed ticks we had an extra bed for guests.

I built a table out of the wood of drygoods boxes, which had held some of our goods. Of the same material I made cupboards for food and dishes. There was a saw mill a few miles distant, and there I procured lumber, from which I made a bench and several

seats to use for chairs. It was not long before we had plenty of company. People who had heard of our coming, visited us to get acquainted and many of them stayed over night. Mrs. Griffith had plenty to do getting things ready for a home and entertaining visitors.

We had no milk or butter, and had no money to buy it, but one day Mr. Timmons came to see me and told me I could procure a cow at the Indian Reservation, five miles distant, and that he would lend me the necessary money. I borrowed $50 from him at 20 percent interest and went to the reservation, where I bought two cows from the Indians. Before that I had bought two fat hogs. I had no tub or barrel in which to salt down the hogs for winter food, so I cut down a tree, cut off a piece three feet long and split it through the middle. I then cut one piece into a trough and cut up the hogs and placed the pieces in the trough and salted them.

We then began to live. We had meat and sausage, flour from which to make bread, corn meal, buckwheat flour, milk and butter, and we soon afterwards had chickens and eggs. We lived well, with plenty of food, although we had to wait till next year to grow our vegetables, warm clothing and a comfortable house, with plenty of work to do.

All winter, I split logs for rails for fencing

the farm, getting from 100 to 200 rails a day, and did other work around the place, getting ready for spring. I had not done farm work since I was 18 years old, but having been reared on a farm, under almost the same pioneer coditions as those I was now in, it did not take me long to get hardened to the life and to do things as they should be done. When March came, and the snow melted, I realized that I must get a plow at once, as well as other tools. The only place I could get them was across the line in Missouri, some 50 miles distant. A neighbor, who had two yoke of oxen wanted to go to Missouri for a load of provisions, and so we decided to travel together, he with his oxen and I with my team of horses.

After two days we came to a place in Missouri called Westport, on the Missouri river. It was five miles from a steamboat landing, called Kansas City. Westport is now a part of the great city, which grew up at the steamer landing and kept the original name of Kansas City, though in Missouri. Westport was larger than Kansas City, at that time. We went to Independence, which was then the business point of that end of the state, and the great starting point for all western emigration. There we bought the things we wanted and started for home. We had great difficulty making the return trip.

It began to rain heavily and with the melt-

ing snows made the roads very bad. Small streams cut across the road at frequent intervals.

My neighbor, walking and driving his oxen, when he came to such a stream, started his cattle across in the right direction and then climbed into my wagon to ride across. Once, when they took the wrong direction, he yelled at them to stop, which they did. He then ran up the stream a distance to find a crossing place, which he did, and then started back on the other side. He came to a ravine six or eight feet deep and so filled up with water and snow on top that he did not know of the depth. It looked all right, but as he tried to cross it, he sank down in the slush, over his head. He managed to get out, thoroughly wet with icy water and quite uncomfortable.

Evening was coming on, the wind began to blow and the temperature to fall. Slush was turning to ice. We decided to camp for the night. We put all our clothing into my wagon and slept together in the wagon, to keep warm. In the morning, when we awoke and wanted to feed our team and get some breakfast, we found that our clothing was frozen solid and we could do nothing until we managed to break up a box and make a fire to thaw out and dry our clothes before we could put them on. After digging our wagon wheels out of the frozen mud, we got under way and

about dusk reached home. This was a hard trip, but not my last one. I made many trips to Missouri, chiefly on business. I got well acquainted with some of the slaveholders and was always well treated by them.

Once, I drove down to Jackson County, some 10 or 15 miles south of Kansas City, to get a wagonload of buckwheat flour, which was due me from a man named Poe. Poe told me he had not yet obtained the flour as he had expected. It appeared to me a misfortune to make such a trip in a wagon some 60 miles without results. I told him that if I had anticipated such a happening, I would have brought money enough along to buy a load of fresh pork and take it home, to sell among my neighbors and thus make the trip pay me.

"Do you see that smoke over there about a mile?" he asked me.

"Yes, I see it."

"Go over there and tell that man to load you up with fresh pork. He is killing hogs. Tell him I sent you and he will sell you all you want on credit."

Such a way of doing business seemed strange to me, to let a perfect stranger, living 60 miles away—and that distance meant far more than it does now—have credit for $100 or more. When I spoke to the owner of the hogs about it, he said:

"Drive around and load your wagon. I often trust you Kansas people."

I often found slaveholders, owners of farms and homes, were not like the Missouri rowdies and bandit gangs from which we suffered so much in Kansas later on. As a rule, they were not penurious or unkind, but good, upright and liberal-minded men.

When spring came, the real work of growing a crop began. We plowed our land and planted about 20 acres in corn. My wife dropped the corn and I followed with a hoe and covered it. Thus, our farming began. There is no need to follow it in detail. Thousands were doing likewise all over the eastern end of the state, or territory as it then was.

Prairie chickens were extremely plentiful, and not so shy as they later became. One day I made a trap and placed it in the corner of the cornfield and scattered corn near it. While I was away from home, my wife saw a flock settle down in the field near the trap and she watched. In a few minutes the birds flew up as in alarm and she went out to the trap to find it sprung and found four live chickens in it. She carried them to the house and not liking to kill them, she placed them under a tub. A neighbor came along and cut their heads off and so, when I got home, I found a fine chicken dinner waiting for me.

Wild animals were not uncommon, especially wolves. While sitting in our cabin, one

day, I saw a wolf come up within two feet of the house, and pick up one of my chickens, of which I had now a small flock, and make way with it before I could do anything about it. Rattlesnakes were also quite common, not the big diamond back variety, but the smaller prairie kind. However, they were poisonous and had to be looked out for.

One Sunday, while we were sitting in the shade of the cabin, talking to some neighbors who had called on a visit, we saw our two horses about half a mile distant on the prairie. Suddenly, one them turned around and started towards us. I paid no attention to him, until he walked up and stopped directly in front of us, but a few feet away.

"Something is the matter with that horse," I said

We examenid him and found the marks of a rattlesnake bite on his nose. He had disturbed it in grazing. He came directly to the only place where he knew there was help. Animals in that way come to rely upon people as a result of learning that we do many things they can neither do nor understand. We treated him and he recovered in a few days.

During our first summer we went every Sunday to church and Sunday School at Prairie City. We were largely instrumental in establishing them. We had been informed that Rev. S. S. Snyder had been ap-

pointed a missionary by the United Brethren Church, of which we were members, and of which my father was a circuit rider in Indiana, as I have previously said. He had settled on a claim near Lawrence. He learned we had located near Prairie City and he decided to come down and establish a church. He made an appointment to preach in Prairie City one Sabbath and we heard of it and decided to attend. Saturday evening we went over to visit some new neighbors and took dinner with them. They persuaded us to remain over night.

When we arrived home in the morning to get ready to go to Prairie City to attend the services we saw at once that somebody had been there. A fire we had not left was burning in the fireplace. There was evidence that somebody had remained in the cabin over night. My wife looked in the cupboard and found her Sunday provisions had been consumed. Our Bible was lying on the table and in it we found two letters, which had been directed to me at Lawrence. We realized that it must have been Rev. Snyder and a companion who had come to visit us and remain for the night, and not finding us home, had decided to remain anyhow, expecting us soon to return.

We prepared for the service and went to Prairie City, and there we met Rev. Snyder

and his companion, Rev. Gingerich, another minister of the same denomination, who had settled south of Lawrence on a claim adjoining Snyder's. We participated in founding a church at Prairie City and attended and supported it as long as we remained there. We were warm friends with the families of both these ministers and visited back and forth for years. Mr. Snyder was killed in the Quantrell raid on Lawrence in 1863.

Just before Christmas we made a trip to Lawrence, stopping for the night at the ranch home of Rev. Gingerich. When we awoke Christmas morning, we found a deep covering of snow on the ground, which had fallen during the night. Our hosts insisted that we should not attempt to journey through the snow, but should remain with them, but we decided that we must get home, and started on our return journey. When we arrived, my wife was suffering much from the cold.

I jumped out of the wagon, gathered some kindling and ran to the house to start a fire.

I found snow about a foot deep on the floor, in the fire place and even on the beds. As soon as Mrs. Griffith was warmed up a little, she started work with a broom and soon had the house clean, and things looked more cheerful, with a big fire blazing in the fireplace. This was our first Christmas in our Kansas log cabin home.

While the roof was watertight against the rain, the wind blew up the ends of the long, split shingles and let the snow drift in. This was a new and strange experience for a young woman who had lived all her life in a large brick house, with all the comforts of the time that wealth could procure, but she made no complaint. Disaster and trouble only nerved her to fight harder. To endure privation for establishing ourselves in a home seemed to give her pleasure rather than discouragement. It was great encouragement to me to have her take such an attitude, and we both "rallied once again."

In the fall of 1856, after the church had been established, it was thought that we might raise some funds to aid us in building a church among friends of Kansas in the East, and it was proposed that I make a trip there to see what I could do. So we decided to go back as far as Pennsylvania and let my wife get acquainted again with her people. At Leavenworth we took a steamer on the Kansas River for St. Louis, by the way of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers. Some neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, were going with us as far as Indiana, intending to leave Kansas, I believe.

Two amusing incidents happened on the boat. When we went into dinner the first evening and sat down, I noticed Moore was absent. It seems that he had left his state-

room in his shirtsleeves, intending to eat in comfort, according to our pioneer Kansas habit, but the colored gentleman who presided over the dining room, stopped him and suggested that he go back and get his coat. That gave us a great deal of fun.

When we arrived in St. Louis and came down the gangplank from the steamer to the dock, we were surrounded by a swarm of omnibus drivers, all seeking our patronage. They made a great clamor and were exceedingly persistent, even to the degree of trying to push us along and into their buses. I knew just what I wanted and paid no attention to them, but Moore was confused. First he went with one of them and then with another, and finally landed in the wrong bus. When he saw his wife with us in another bus, that would take us to the right railroad station, he got mad and wanted to whip those who had fooled him. This was the first time he had ever traveled by boat or rail. It gave us all a good laugh.

At St. Louis we took train for Terre Haute, and there the Moores left us and we never saw them again. We took stage for Perrysville, to visit my father, whose home we had left two years before to go to Kansas. Everywhere we found the people much excited over what was going on in Kansas and the efforts of the proslavery people to force slavery upon the coming state. The presi-

dential election was on, Fremont running for the new Republican party against Buchanan, the Democrat. They all wanted to know directly from the lips of one who had just come from Kansas just how matters stood out there.

It so happened that my older brother, William, who lived near Fort Scott, and had taken a more active interest in political matters, had come East without my knowledge and we met here. A public meeting was arranged and we were both asked to speak. He made the leading address and I followed. I raised some money for our church building in Perrysville, and then we went on to Pennsylvania.

My father-in-law was glad to see my wife, but was not very cordial to me. A little more than two years before, I had eloped with his daughter in the night and he had not seen her since. He had been strongly opposed to our marriage and had forbidden me the house, probably thinking a penniless Hoosier working to get an education was not a fit companion for the daughter of a wealthy Pennsylvanian. I did not blame him much, for fearing that I might not be able properly to support his daughter. If he had seen how we lived our first year in Kansas he would have been sure of it. I felt certain he would get over it in time.

Horbach was a great Fremont man and

strongly anti-slavery. A few days after our arrival there was a political meeting in a school house near by and we all attended. The presiding officer was from Mt. Pleasant and knew me personally. After the regular program of speeches was carried out and resolutions adopted, the chairman announced that he understood there was present a young man just come from the new territory of Kansas and they would like to hear from him about conditions out there, and calls were made for me to speak.

I had not expected anything like that and had made no preparation to talk. However, I got up and made them a talk about the unfortunate situation in the territory west of the slave state of Missouri, which we were trying to keep from becoming a slave state. I explained that the Democratic federal administration favored the proslavery cause and gave us a governor and officials of the same stripe. I closed my speech about as follows:

"In this new territory we have no free speech, no free press, and we all are deprived of our political liberty. If you will rally to the polls on election day and elect Fremont, the candidate of the Free Soil or Republican party, that will give us free speech, free press, free men and Fremont.

This brought down the house with a great roar of applause. I was showered with invi-

tations to speak in other localities. An appointment was made for me to speak in Mt. Pleasant, and the church in which the meeting was held was filled. I spoke in many other places during the remainder of the campaign, but I never was able to make as great a hit as I did that first night. But Fremont was not elected, and we in Kansas had another four years of proslavery administration to endure and to fight. We returned home immediately after the election.

With us went the family of my wife's uncle, Machlin Lobengier, who had gone out to Kansas early in the spring, taken up a claim near mine and had died there. The wife and six children had remained in Pennsylvania and decided to go with us and occupy the claim.

At Pittsburgh we took steamer down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to St. Louis, and then another steamer by the Missouri River to Kansas City. There we hired a team to take us and our baggage to our home in Franklin County. We planned to stop the first night at Bull Creek, in Johnson County, where I knew there was a store, a few houses and a lodging house, where travelers were entertained.

When we arrived there just at night, there was not a building nor a person in sight. The town had been completely destroyed. Every

building had been burned by raiders from Missouri. The lone prairies stretched out for miles around, with nothing to be seen. All was desolation. All we could do was to stay there till the next day. We opened our trunks and got out blankets and other bedding and spread them on the prairie grass, and tried to compose ourselves to sleep.

When I lived at Minneola and was County Clerk and County Recorder, my wife and I decided to make a visit to the home of James Fitton, living on Pottawattomi Creek in the Southern part of the county, about 20 miles distance. He was one of the leading citizens of the county and had married a young lady who grew up in the family of Bishop Edwards, of Dayton, Ohio. He was a leading man in the United Brethren Church and often visited at my father's home. In the afternoon we got in our buggy and drove to his home in three hours. We had to cross a river named Marios des Cygnos River, but it was not over a foot or two deep, where the city of Ottawa now stands.

We passed a pleasant evening with Mr. and Mrs. Fitton, but a heavy rain came up and lasted all night. The next morning we found Pottawattomie Creek, near which Mr. Fitton resided, overflowing its banks and so we knew that we could not cross the river on our way home. I knew there was a ferry

boat about 15 miles below, and realizing that I ought to be at home to attend to my office work, I decided I could get home by going down the river to this ferry and cross there. When we got there the two young men in charge of the ferry boat, whom I well knew, informed me that the river was too high, and they did not want to risk trying to cross. They invited us to stay all night with them at their home and in the morning they could take us over the river.

This we did, but we found we could not take a direct road home, but were compelled again to go out of our way to avoid another stream coming in from the north. So we had to make another detour of some 10 or 15 miles, and then cross still another stream coming in from the north. When we drove up to the crossing place, we were informed by two men standing on the other side, that it would swim our horse, but they did not think it would be dangerous. My wife and I then stood up on the buggy seat, to avoid getting too wet when the water came in. We crossed in safety. Our horse had only about 15 feet to swim, and the water covered the seat where we stood and wet our feet. We again stopped over night, with Mr. Mallory, another friend. The next day we went on home over the muddy roads and safely arrived that evening. Now, this experience of taking three days to visit a friend,

who lived but 20 miles away, with a horse and buggy, will show the reader the conditions and character of the roads in those early days, around 1860. We could cover the distance to make that visit now in one hour, with our automobile, and the flood would make no difference, as the roads are all bridged.

CHAPTER V.

BIRTH PAINS OF KANSAS

It is not my intention to undertake to write a history of Kansas, nor even of those days of turmoil through which I passed as a pioneer free soil citizen. However, I had a number of interesting experiences and witnessed several historic events, and in order to make my story of what I personally saw and heard understood, it is necessary for me to give a little historical data and speak of the conditions then existing. They were "times that tried men's souls" and it took some bravery to "stand up and be counted," as so many resolute men did, some of whom lost their lives by doing so.

I have already spoken of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise of 1820, in 1854, and adoption of self choice for new territories and states as to slavery, which was brought about by the controversy over the Kansas-Nebraska bill in 1854, followed by efforts of both free soil and slavery advocates to get a majority of immigrants into Kansas Territory, so as to determine whether the new state soon to be created would be free or slave. Great hopes had been held by the

free soil supporters for the election of Fremont in the fall of 1856, but he was defeated by Buchanan and all the official Kansas patronage from the new president, including the appointment of governor and United States marshal, continued in the hands of Democrats, at that time supporters of slavery or of the free choice doctrine.

In May, 1854, congress passed the bill creating the two territories of Kansas and Nebraska. There was no question about the free soil majority of the settlers in Nebraska, but Kansas became a battle ground. The slaveholders of Missouri, whose slaves were worth probably $25,000,000, were fearful that a free state to their west, which had at one time been a part of Missouri, might finally result in the loss of their slaves. They became very active in promoting immigration from Missouri and other southern states into Kansas, to see if they could not control it politically in organizing the territorial government and framing a state constitution establishing slavery. On the other hand, associations were organized in Massachusetts, Connecticutt and other states to promote immigration into Kansas of opponents of slavery.

In February, 1855, the next spring after the act was passed, a census of the territory was taken, showing a total population of

8,601. The number registering for voting was 2,905, all claiming to be residents of the state and eligible to vote. Of these, 1,670 registered as having come from slave states, 1,018 from free states and 217 from other countries. This showed a considerable majority from slave states, but not all from those states were in favor of slavery in their new home. Also, an indefinite number of Missourians crossed the state line and registered as voters in Kansas. However, many of them did not take the trouble to register, but came over and voted without registering, at the election in March to choose members of the first legislature. As many as 5,000 armed men marched into Kansas from Missouri on election day and in some places took violent possession of the polls. There was a total of 6,307 votes cast, more than twice the number registered.

President Pierce, whose secretary of state was Jefferson Davis, had appointed as the first governor, Andrew W. Reeder, of Pennsylvania, a man of good reputation and character, who undoubtedly intended to preserve law and order and give both parties a fair chance. He heard the protests of the election and the interference of Missourians in it and canvassed the votes. He ordered new elections in the cases of eight districts where violence and interference with judges was

proved, but did nothing about the voting of non-residents elsewhere.

This left the slavery crowd in control of the legislature, although, they resented the throwing out of the eight districts by the governor. The free states won the eight districts at the special election, leaving the legislature 11 for them and 28 for the slavery party. The legislature met at Pawnee in July and the majority ousted nine of the anti-slavery members, one refused to have anything to do with the body and only one remained in his seat. He also left in a few days. Governor Reeder did not co-operate with this legislature as they wanted and in August, he was removed by President Buchanan and Wilson Shannon, of Ohio, was appointed, who pleased the proslavers much more.

In the meantime the Freestaters were organizing their forces to combat the domination of the territory by non-resident Missourians. They refused to recognize the "bogus" legislature and imported rifles to arm against the invaders. Several public meetings were held and a large one in Lawrence, in July, began the formation of a political party. This was finally done at Big Springs, in October, and the Free State Party came into being.

By the same tactics of Missourians dominating the polls as already explained, they had elected, in the fall of 1854, the first territorial

representative in congress. 1855 the "bogus" legislature elected to congress, John W. Whitford. After his removal from office, Governor Reeder became an active advocate of a free state, and the Free State Party chose him for congress. However, congress would seat neither of them.

In the fall of 1855 the Free State Party held a convention at Topeka. That was the gathering I spoke of, to which I accompanied my brother, William R. Griffith, when I first arrived in Kansas. He was a delegate from Bourbon County. This convention framed a state constitution and named Dr. Charles Robinson as governor. Dr. Robinson had been the most active and capable leader of the party of freedom. President Pierce refused to recognize either the constitution or Robinson as governor. That left Shannon still territorial governor.

Much turmoil ensued. The Freestaters had imported arms and had organized military companies for the purpose of combatting the invading Missourians, and opposition military companies were organized locally by the slavery proponents. In June, 1856, congress passed a state enabling act, but the senate refused to recognize the free soil constitution. President Pierce sent federal troops to the territory to maintain order, and placed them under the orders of Governor Shannon, who

headed the only government the administration recognized.

The commander of the federal forces was Col. E. V. Sumner, who a few years later became a major general and corps commander in the United States army. He was a very able, conscientious and forceful officer. He held it to be his duty to take no part in the politics of the state, but to preserve order and obey all legitimate orders given by the governor. Acting in this way and under the orders of Governor Shannon, he dispersed with troops the Free State legislature.

Having secured a place to make our home, the question of making Kansas a free state, began to come up for consideration. I found very few settlers who wanted to establish slavery in Kansas. When I returned to my brother's house in Bourbon County, I soon got ready and my wife and I got in and struck northward. The first night we stopped at a settler's house to stay over night. I soon learned that he was a southern man, but was opposed to making Kansas a slave state. He wanted no negroes in Kansas, but if there were any he wanted them to be slaves. He wanted no free negroes to associate with. He further experience I found a majority of the people had that same opinion, which was a great surprise to me.

At the first election that occurred after I

settled in Franklin County, there were about 200 votes polled at my voting precinct. All except four were in favor of making Kansas a free state, but all colored men were to be excluded. I heard the question discussed several times, as to who cast the four votes against not allowing any free negroes in Kansas. One man named James Hanway, living in the southern part of the county, was always named as one of the four, and two others were named, but no one who discussed the question could guess who the fourth man was, but I knew, as I considered that the negro had just as much right to settle in Kansas, and help to govern it, as I had, and so I had no objection to his having a home in Kansas.

The settlers whom I met were most all farmers, seeking to procure homes in the new territory. There was one pro-slavery settler living some three or four miles north of me in Douglas County, who I understood owned one negro. Another man I knew had a store at Centropolis, about eight miles from my place, and he was supposed to be well off, and was said to be a pro-slavery man. His name was Joseph Bernard. He had a lot of cattle, also. The settlers in all the surrounding country, where I lived, were practically unanimous for a free state That was the situation, but there had been serious trouble at

and around Lawrence, as that place was considered the headquarters of the free state cause. The voters of my locality organized for protection and made Samuel T. Shore captain of a free state company. I joined the company, but did not give it much attention, as I did not think it was necessary.

We had organized a church and Sunday school at Prairie City, where we met every Sabbath, and everything looked harmonious and pleasant. One Sabbath my wife and I went to church. Rev. J. S. Gingerich was to preach. When we got there, we saw some of our neighbors come in with guns on their shoulders and we were surprised on being informed that a company of rebels, as we called them, were camped at Black Jack, about five or six miles distant, where a post office and a store were located. This company was making trouble. It was a lawless band, apparently organized to drive out free state people and help establish a slave state.

The lawless company was making trouble and frightening the people. It had already arrested and carried off Dr. Graham, who was a prominent citizen of our locality and superintendent of our Sabbath school, without any authority or cause whatever and was spreading alarm and fear in all the surrounding country. This fully explained the reason so many were coming to church with guns

on their shoulders, which they stood up in one corner of the room where church services was being held.

The minister began services and was actually preaching and we were all engaged in listening to him, when all at once without a signal, the men who had stood their guns up in the corner of the room jumped to their feet and ran for their arms, without a word being spoken. Grabbing their weapons, they ran for the door and the first thing I knew—"Bang!" "Bang," the guns began to fire. I ran to the door and saw four armed men from the rebel camp had surrendered and two more, who were a little further off, had wheeled their horses around and were making their escape as fast as their mounts could run. Our men were firing at them as they ran and I could see the dust rising where the bullets from the guns struck the ground near the escaping men. The two got away safely, but the four were disarmed and held as prisoners. These six armed men had come over to where we were holding church to frighten us, and do their best to scare us out of the country and thus assist in establishing slavery in the state. Captain Pate was the leader of the company.

Captain Shore immediately sent a messenger to old John Brown, who was captain of a company and was living near Osawattomie,

to come to Prairie City immediately to aid us in protecting our locality and drive Captain Pate and his band out of our country. I think he had sent this messenger on Saturday, as he knew this band of lawless marauders were arresting our citizens and robbing some of them and causing general alarm. Captain Brown at once called his company and started on the journey to aid us. The first night they went into camp at a point five miles or less, north of Pottawattomie Creek. Captain Shore afterwards told me the following story, as we sat in camp on a log, talking matters over.

He said that he had learned that after John Brown and his company had started on their journey to aid us at Prairie City, they had gone into camp on their first night, some miles this side of Middle Creek. After supper, he called his company together and made a speech, in which he said the ball had begin to roll, and they were called upon to do their duty in protecting their country. He then called their attention to two or three families, living at or near the crossing of the road on Pottawattomie Creek, who were pro-slavery and trying to make this a slave state.

He then and there suggested that they go back to that point and make way with these men and thus begin the good work. The question was discussed. It was opposed by

Mr. Brown's son, who was lieutenant of the company, and when the question came to vote, Capt. Brown's proposition to return and make way with the pro-slavery settlers, was voted down and the company retired for the night. The next morning when the company got up, Capt. John Brown and six or eight of his men were absent, and it became known that they had gone back to Pottawattomie Crossing and had killed the men, which they charged were trying to make Kansas a slave state.

After breakfast, Lt. Brown, took charge of the company and continued the march towards Prairie City. I was present with our company when I saw Brown's company arrive and ride into our camp. I well remember that when I saw Lt. Brown ride in at the head of his company, I pointed him out as Capt. Brown, but I was corrected and told that it was Lt. Brown, the son of old John Brown. During the day, some hours later, Capt. John Brown arrived and assumed command and the next morning the two companies attacked Capt. Pate and his company at Black Jack and captured them, taking them down to the west branch of Ottawa Creek and there holding them as prisoners.

In a short time an appeal was made to the governor of the territory to have Capt. Pate

and his company released. The governor called on Col. Sumner, who was in command of the U. S. soldiers in Kansas, who took a company of soldiers and proceeded to find the camp, where Captain Pate was held, to release him and his company. Word of his capture had already gone to Missouri and an appeal made to send volunteers into Kansas to release him and such a force was then being organized.

Col. Sumner led his company towards Prairie City to fulfill the orders of the Governor. When it became known that he was within two or three miles of our camp, Captains Shore and Brown appointed me to go out and meet him and ask for an interview. I met him in the road, and he first asked me what was going on down there in our camp, and I explained the situation to him there in the road, and told him that Captains Brown and Shore wanted to meet him and have an interview with him. He replied:

"Tell them they can meet me in the road anywhere and interview me."

I rode back as fast as my horse could go and reported what Col. Sumner had said. They replied by asking me to go back and meet him the second time and ask him to meet them for an interview separate and apart

from his command. I rode back and again met him and he said:

"Well, well, what is it now?"

I repeated to him what I was instructed to say and his reply was:

"Tell them I make no terms with lawless men."

I returned on the gallop and delivered the message word for word. Captains Shore and Brown then went down the road and met Col. Sumner and his command in the road and Col. Sumner told them they must release Capt. Pate and his company and restore their arms by order of the governor. They agreed to do that, and Capt. Pate was informed that he and his company were free.

Then Capt. Pate got upon a log and thus standing above the surrounding people said:

"I would like to make a few remarks."

Col. Sumner looked up with a sober countenance and said:

"We don't want a word out of you, sir. You have no business here. The governor told me so."

Col. Sumner had been informed that a large crowd had already entered the state from Missouri and were on the road, coming into the state on pretense of releasing Capt. Pate, and would no doubt do much damage and probably commit murder. He promised

protection. There were two or three companies of U. S. soldiers camped near Ossawattomie at that time and Col. Sumner wrote an order to Capt. Wood, who was in command, to break camp forthwith and come to Prairie City. He asked for a messenger to go to Ossawatomie and deliver his order to Capt. Wood. I was suggested and appointed.

I took a man with me and we struck out as fast as we could travel and arrived at Capt. Wood's camp, not far from Osawattomie about 12 p. m. The captain was called out of bed and on reading the order, he seemed greatly surprised and asked me for the facts. He said his order was to start forthwith, which was very difficult to do, as they had camped there for two or three months and could not well start before daylight. He then called into council two other captains and after consultation, it was decided to blow the bugle at 3 a. m. and order every man to be ready to march at the dawn of day. This took place and there was a great rush of three companies of U. S. soldiers getting ready to march as soon as the day would dawn.

At the dawn of day, the soldiers were in line, on their horses, ready to march. There were, in addition, two cannons, with extra teams of mules to draw ammunition wagons. The line looked to me to be a half mile long

when they got under way. They moved slowly at first, but after about an hour, the captain gave order: "a slow trot." My horse would trot for a rod or two and then walk and so on, for some time—when I found the entire line was on a full trot and moving rapidly seven or eight miles per hour. My horse had to gallop part of the time to keep in line.

It really was a great sight, to see nearly 300 cavalry, with several wagons, each drawn by four mules, and then two cannons, each drawn by four mules, with ammunition wagons, also drawn by four mules, all moving on the public road at eight miles an hour. The drivers of the many four-mule teams had great difficulty to keep up. The mule teams were all on the gallop, with a driver in the saddle on one mule in every team, yelling and cracking his whip. It was a wonderful sight which I can never forget. Travelers, we met on the highway made haste to get out of the way and halt, looking on with amazement, wondering what was the matter. We went into Prairie City about 11 a. m., a distance of 35 miles, at least, and there met Col. Sumner, who congratulated the captain on his accomplishment.

Col. Sumner, with his command, had gone some distance east, on the public road, known as the Santa Fe Highway, leading to the state of Missouri, and had met the company of Mis-

sourians coming to the relief of Capt. Pate

He told them in plain language that he had released Capt. Pate and his company and that it was important that they turn about and return from the territory at once, or there would be serious trouble. The result was, they did as he had requested and returned home. Col. Sumner ordered Capt. Wood and his command to make camp nearby and remain until further orders. He then handed me $10, $5.00 for each of us, and I gave him a voucher. Thus ended this excitement. When things settled down, Capt. Shore dismissed his company to return home and renew their work. Old Captain John Brown had been informed by Col. Sumner, as I was advised by Capt. Shore, that there had been a warrant issued for his arrest for the Pottawattomie murders, and that the U. S. Marshal was seeking to arrest him, but that he had informed the marshal that he would not permit any arrests unless he had a warrant for the arrest, but the marshal had not the warrant, as he had left it at his office and failed to bring it with him. Thus, John Brown escaped from arrest for the Pottawatomie murders. If the U. S. Marshall had not forgotten his warrant, the history of that famous man might have been different

Lt. Brown took his company and returned home, but Captain Brown did not return

with them. If he had, he would have been found and arrested. He and a few of his followers — about five or six men who had gone with him and aided him in committing the murders, known as the Pottawattomie murders, as heretofore related—remained in the vicinity of Prairie City and had a secret camp on the western branch of Ottawa Creek. I do not now remember how long they remained camping out in secret localities, but I well remember meeting him one day as I was riding on one of the roads that leads across Ottawa Creek. He and one of his men were walking in the road. He knew me and stopped to talk. He took a seat on the fence by the roadside and I sat on my horse a few feet away.

He began talking to me about the political situation in Kansas. He had no doubt, been told that I did not approve of his extreme conduct, especially of the murders with which he was in charged of pro-slavery men on Pottawattomie Creek. He did not deny the charge, but proceeded to justify it. Among other things, I remember one point he made, that the law of God, given in the law of Moses, provided a punishment of death for anyone committing the crime of murder. To make a slave of a man and keep him in bondage and slavery all his life was "worse than murder."

He meant to prove by this, that every slave holder deserved the death penalty, as the crime he was committing was worse than murder. By this argument, he was intending to try to convince me that murdering the men at Pottawattomie was justifiable under the law of God. He said there was no law in Kansas, and under such conditions it was the duty of every good citizen, who wished to live a law-abiding life, to enforce the law himself, so far as he could. At this juncture, before I had any time to say anything, I saw two U. S. soldiers coming along the road in our direction and I said:

"Brown, do you see those soldiers coming our way?"

He immediately jumped off the fence and ran into the brush, and I never saw him again.

About this time, somebody, I did not know who, left at my home a piece of fresh beef, enough to last us some days. I asked my wife what the man said that left us this, and she said he had explained that it was a piece of the "maverick" which our neighbors had killed and divided up, and I said:

"That is all right, as such cattle have no owners and really belong to the community."

Some days after this, another piece of beef was left at my home. That made me suspicious and I told my wife not to accept any

more such presents, as I feared it was stolen property. In a day or two, I was up to Prairie City and there met Mr. Harris, who lived there and kept a kind of a public house and was well known. I asked him if he knew where the beef came from, which was being distributed free, as I had received two presents of it. He replied:

"Yes, the boys are killing Joe Bernard's cattle."

I said in reply:

"Do you approve of that?"

He replied in the affirmative, and said:

"The Bible tells us we shall live off our enemies."

The words of Mr. Harris somewhat stirred my feelings. I was surprised at hearing such a statement from him, as he and I were members of the same church. He was an old, gray headed man. I was a young man, only 23 years old, at that time, but I had my convictions of what was right and wrong and expressed them freely, perhaps too freely. I replied, that my Bible said no such a thing and I wanted him to tell the parties distributing this free beef to bring no more of it to me, as I would not accept it, that I did not live on stolen property. I got no more free beef after that interview with Mr. Harris and I denounced such proceedings on every oppor-

tunity. It became generally known that I had no sympathy for such proceedings. Joe Bernard was a well known merchant, having a store at Centropolis, about eight miles distant, and it was understood that he was a pro-slavery man, but had no slaves. He owned a large number of cattle, running over the surrounding country.

As I stated before, Old Capt. John Brown did not return home with his son and his company, but remained secretly camped in our locality with five or six of his followers. They went over to Bernard's store and robbed it, which frightened him and he left the country, and I never saw him again. I am confident that Brown and his five or six followers were living by such practices while he remained in our vicinity, and it may be that some of our citizens living in that vicinity cooperated with him during his stay. He remained some time, but I do not know how long. We heard little or nothing about him after that, until the report of his proceedings at Harper's Ferry, in Virginia. Those same five or six followers, who were living with him, secretly camped in the woods near Prairie City, were arrested with him at Harper's Ferry.

I want to repeat here, that I do not think his son, living here, with a home near Osawattomie and lieutenant of the company of

which he was captain, had any sympathy with his father's extreme and lawless views.

To confirm my belief in the guilt of John Brown for the Pottawattomie murders, I will state that one of our distinguished citizens, James Hanway, lived in the southern part of our Franklin County. I served with him on the county board. He often stayed all night at my home. He was very strong anti-slavery and came from Ohio. He told me that John Brown often stopped at his house, and the last time he was there, when the U. S. Marshal was looking for him, the two talked over the massacres at Pottawatamie and Mr. Brown said:

"If that was murder, then I cannot say that I am not guilty," a plain, open and avowed confession of that horrible crime.

I never could understand why there are so many people who regard John Brown as a hero and martyr. I look upon him as a disturbing element in the fight for the freedom of Kansas. He was undoubtedly very bitter in his feelings towards proslavery people, but he was destitute of prudence or good judgment. He was wild and radical and caused far more trouble than he did good. Very few of our people in that day approved his course. He was a leader in a movement intended to aid the cause of freedom, but rattled around, trying to inflict individual

injuries, which always brought retaliation upon some innocent party. I do not think he owned any property in Kansas.

After the time he practically confessed to me that he committed the Pottawatamie massacre, I understand he went East, and then came back and led an armed foray into Southeast Missouri, where his band did some burning, killed a proslavery man and ran off some stock and a number of negroes. Governor Stewart, of Missouri, offered a reward of $3,000 for Brown. He disappeared and his next appearance in the public eye was in Virginia. I do not know of a thing that John Brown did that was of real help to the cause of freedom in Kansas. If he had not gone to Virginia and been hanged, I doubt if he would have been given a place in Kansas history, save as a disturber, such as Jennison, Montgomery, Clarke and perhaps some others.

I know that Redpath denies that Brown was guilty of the Pottawatamie murders, but I would not believe Redpath because of my personal knowledge of him. He and Brown were intimate friends. Redpath was at Prairie City once and read me an article he was about to send East for publication. He knew that I knew that it was not true, but he excused it on the ground that it would "do good." After that, I always distrusted

everything that came from his pen. I have always felt that Kansas disgraced herself when she named Brown as a hero and had his bust placed in the national capitol as one of her famous citizens.

When Governor Shannon assumed his office he seemed to be strongly inclined to favor the pro-slavery element and did nothing to stop their illegal conduct or that of the Missourians. There were two newspapers published in Lawrence. "The Herald of Freedom," and "The Kansas Free State." The slavery people procured injunctions against both of these papers, and the U. S. Marshal went to Lawrence with a writ to destroy their presses. The presses were thrown into the river and everything else connected with the papers was destroyed. An injunction was also procured against the Eldridge House, a large hotel in that city. The marshal went to Lawrence with a posse of several hundred armed men.

There was no opposition to him when he entered Lawrence, but the marshal surrounded the hotel, ordered it vacated and bombarded it with cannon. Thirty-two shots were fired into it. Then a keg of powder was placed in the building and exploded to complete its destruction. No legitimate or reasonable excuse for thus destroying valuable private property was given. The hotel was

operated just as were other hotels, to entertain travelers, boarders and for commercial purposes. Those who sought its destruction charged that it was a place where illegal conspiracies were concocted.

At the same time and by the same posse, the private home of Dr. Charles Robinson was set on fire and burned down. He was the head of the Emigrant Aid Society, organized in Massachusetts to aid emigration to Kansas. Several prominent citizens were indicted, arrested and taken to Lecompton, the capitol of the territory as established by the first "bogus" legislature. Among them were Dr. Robinson, later elected first governor by the Freestaters, but never served under that election, and an attorney named G. W. Smith. They were kept in jail several months and then released. They had been guilty of nothing except activity in favor of making Kansas free of slavery.

Here, I want to explain about the general attitude of the settlers in Kansas towards negroes. A great many of my neighbors were from Missouri, but were opposed to slavery. Some of them had moved into Kansas to get away from it. They were mostly poor people, seeking homes, where they would not be dominated by richer people, who owned slaves. Some of them had never owned a slave, while others had owned but

few. All work in Missouri was on a slave basis and the poor white man who had to do his own work found that both an industrial and social handicap. So they moved to what they hoped would be a free state.

It was the contention of the slave owners of the South, that a negro was property and they had the right to take their property and own and use it in any state in the Union. In furtherance of this contention congress passed what was known as "The Fugitive Slave Law." It provided that any escaped slave could be pursued into free territory or that he could be arrested and sent back to his slavery wherever he might be found in a free state. What was known as the infamous Dred Scott decision," made by the supreme court of the United States, upheld this contention in the case of a fugitive negro named Dred Scott.

That decision, more than any other one thing, stimulated the sentiment for abolition in the North. It became necessary for escaping slaves to get clear into Canada in order to be free from recapture. As the shortest route into Canada from slave territory lay across Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania, active abolitionists established what was called "The Underground Railway," across those states. Various routes were laid out for escaping slaves to follow and there were sta-

tions all along the way, private houses in the main, where they could find shelter, food and directions for travel and also aid in getting across the border.

In pursuance of this legally established right to take negroes as property, temporarily into free states and to recapture them there, if they escaped, negroes were brought by their owners into Kansas, much against the wish of a great majority of the settlers, including those from slave states. A strong sentiment grew up against having any negroes in the state at any time, either slave or free, and this was not confined to citizens from slave states, but was held by a majority of those from other states. Those from slave states were opposed to free negroes, and said that if there must be any at all, they should be slaves.

To be an abolitionist was to be a "nigger lover" in the eyes and speech of the proslavery people everywhere. My father was in favor of freedom for the negro, but not necessarily his social mingling with whites, yet he was abused and slandered. This led to an incident, when I was young. At a party or a gathering, a young man proposed that they go out and induce a negro to make a call upon one one of my sisters. Another young man, a Democrat, rebuked him for it and invited him to go outside and fight, which he failed to do.

My father merely believed in political and religious equality for all men, white or black. I never could understand why that doctrine of liberty should be opposed by any intelligent human being.

During my early days in Kansas, I was often across the line into Missouri and talked freely with farmers there and expressed my opinion about human slavery without any objections or resentment on their part. I was always treated politely and generally, they agreed with me in principle, but said that conditions in Missouri required slave labor. While they did not approve of human slavery, yet they lived in a social state where it was necessary for them to use it or get out. Many of them did get out, as I have said, and crossed the line into Kansas to make new homes. These people did not want negroes in the state at all, but especially did not want free ones. Thus, there existed a strong sentiment on the part of the free state element to have Kansas a simon pure white state, with no colored people of any sort.

When the first legislature, elected in February, 1855, by armed men from Missouri, met, it adopted the laws of Missouri for Kansas, which provided for slavery. These laws never became effective. When the constitution was framed by the free state element in the Topeka convention in October, 1855, it

contained a provision excluding all negroes from the state, which revealed the sentiment of the free state people. There were, of course, many from the North who did not favor this, but the free state people did favor it in a large majority. However, as I have said, this constitution was never accepted by congress, and when the constitution was framed, under which the state began its career, under the admission act of June, 1861, this provision excluding negroes from the state was not in it. Two years later all states became free under the emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln and under the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments, the negro received full civil rights.

In the fall of 1856, Governor Shannon became tired of standing for the proslavery policies of the federal administration and the deeds of the proslavery men and organizations in Kansas and Missouri, and he sent his resignition to President Pierce, who appointed John W. Geary, of Pennsylvania, who went at once to Lecompton, the seat of territorial government. It was his job to restore order to the state and create a harmonious government. He disbanded the militia and ordered all illegal military bodies to disperse. But they did not and with a large force from Missouri made an advance upon Lawrence, the center of free state activity.

However, Governor Geary sent the federal troops there and held a conference with the various leaders and a compromise was effected and the Missourians left. There were a number of clashes during the fall, but by the end of the year such activities had died out. That winter an enabling act admitting the state passed the lower house of congress, but as it recognized the Topeka free state constitution, the senate would not pass it. That gave Kansas two more years of unsettled conditions.

In the spring of 1857, Governor Geary, finding that his efforts to give peace to Kansas along the lines of the popular will were not appreciated at Washington, resigned and left the territory. President Buchanan, who had been elected in November, 1856, much to the regret and severe alarm of the free staters in Kansas, appointed Robert J. Walker, of Mississippi, as governor. Walker was a resident of the South and a proslavery man and was expected to further the slavery element. At once steps were taken to get a proslavery constitution for the proposed state.

The slavery legislature that had been chosen the fall before, had passed an act providing for the election the following June for delegates to a constitutional convention and Governor Geary had vetoed it. The proslavery party went on with the election and secured

complete control of the proposed convention with a total vote of little more than 2,000, the free staters ignoring it.

The free state legislature had met in January. Some of its members had been arrested by the U. S. Marshal, and it had adjourned to June. It did meet then, for a few days, after the arrival of Governor Walker, but was poorly attended and adjourned without doing business. Then came a split in the free state ranks between the extremists and the practical members. An election was to be held in the fall for members of the territorial legislature, up to this time in the hands of the proslavery element. Practical free-staters advocated participation in this election, as it was believed they could outvote the slavery element and thus gain control of the official legislative body and it be no longer necessary to keep up the free state legislative organization, which was getting nowhere except to maintain sentiment and preserve organization, because it was not recognized by the federal authorities.

The radicals, or extremists, opposed this. They would have nothing whatever to do with the "bogus" legislature or any election for its members. This nearly caused a fatal split in the ranks of those who were working to make Kansas a free state. I thought the attitude of the extremists was very foolish

and harmful and opposed them. The chief leaders of the free state organization, headed by Dr. Robinson, urged all friends of liberty to vote and help to carry the election and gain control of the legislature, and by doing so to place the recognized legislative body in the hands of those who wanted a free state.

The feeling was quite bitter, but the radicals did not have influence enough to keep the people from the polls. The result was very confused at first because of the stuffing of the ballot boxes by the slavery crowd, by which several precincts sparsely populated were made to show more than a thousand votes. Governor Walker threw out several of the most obviously fraudulent precincts, and in that way gave the free state members a majority in the legislature.

This created great resentment and furore among the slavery crowd, who had been carrying things with a high hand because they had the federal government at Washington behind them. But their conduct had been so raw and illegal that the governor, appointed by that federal government, would not approve what they had done, and this was practically the end of their political control. The constitutional convention they had chosen delegates for, had met in October and had adjourned to await the result of the above election. It made a proslavery consti-

tution, which had no show in the world of being adopted by the people, as the recent vote clearly showed, and it was proposed to declare it adopted without submitting it to popular vote, believing that a proslavery congress would ratify such action.

This created great contention. Several compromises were attempted, but all of them would have left slavery in Kansas, and the free state men rejected thm all. Finally, it was voted to submit to the people only the slavery question and not the whole constitution, and in such a way that even a negative vote left slaves already in Kansas still the property of their owners. This was the famous Lecompton constitution.

Great turmoil followed. The election was set for December, but the legislature met in the meantime and ordered the whole constitution submitted to popular election in January. At the December election, there was a big majority for the Lecompton constitution and slavery, helped out by thousands of fraudulent votes. In the meantime, Governor Walker had resigned and President Buchanan appointed James W. Denver to succeed him. I always believed Governor Walker to be an honest man.

The Lecompton constitution was sent to Washington and an effort made to have it approved by congress and the state admitted

under it. It was the subject of heated debate in the senate for three months. It was attacked vigorously on the ground that the legislature which called the convention—the famous "bogus" one—was a fraudulent body, elected by force by nonresidents, and that the constitution itself was adopted by fraud and ballot stuffing, with only a minority numerically of the eligible voting citizens even when the fake votes were included. Nvertheless, the senate, being strongly pro-slavery, approved it, but it failed of approval in the house. Many substitute proposals were made and finally one of them adopted by both houses. This was called the "English Bill." Rejection of this bill involved rejection of the constitution and at least two years more of territorial government. Nevertheless, the free state people in great majority voted against it at the election in August, 1858, and the slavery constitution was buried under 11,300 votes out of a total of 13,000.

The free staters having chosen a majority of the territorial legislature in 1857, in spite of the extremists remaining away from the polls, and the Lecompton constitution and all of the works of the "bogus" legislature having been rejected, Kansas was governed as a territory by the free state forces until admitted into the Union, January 29, 1861. The constitution was framed at Wyandotte in the

summer of 1859 by a convention composed of 35 free state, or Republican, delegates, and 17 proslavery, or Democratic, delegates.

I feel proud to have had a part, with thousands of others who believed in human freedom, in placing the state of Kansas on the solid rock of liberty as defined by that immortal declaration which ushered in our nation, that "all men are created free and equal" in the sense of their human rights of person, property and political action. Later, Kansas was one of the first states to emphasize this doctrine of government for the welfare of the whole people by prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor.

The free men of Kansas also made sure that form and spirit of government enunciated by Abraham Lincoln in his great Gettysburg address, that "a government of, by and for the people shall not perish from the earth." They made sure that it would be "of" the whole people. They made it "by" the people by rejecting fraud and intimidation and outside interference, and they made certain that it would be "for" the people by adopting a constitution and laws under it that studied and promoted the welfare of the masses of the people and the social state as a whole, which is the fundamental purpose of suppression of the liquor traffic. How this was done and some of the incidents connect-

ed with it, I tell elsewhere in this volume.

Although, the free staters had secured control of the legislature and all the machinery for creating a new state, yet the governor and other federal officials were of the choosing of President Buchanan clear up to the admission of the state, a month before the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as president. There were outrages and strife more or less all the time, but not so bad as during 1855-6-7. When the Civil War began, very soon after the state was admitted, the border counties of Kansas and Missouri were a battleground for guerillas and outlaws and companies of radical partisans on both sides, culminating in the infamous attack and massacre at Lawrence by Quantrell's band of guerrillas and outlaws from Missouri in 1863, which I relate elsewhere.

There was tremendous rejoicing in Kansas over the election of Abraham Lincoln at the November election, 1860, and with him a congress dominated by the new Republican Party and devoted to the Union and human freedom. We had held great hopes along that line in 1856, when Fremont ran as the first Republican nominee against Buchanan, but had been disappointed, and we suffered four terrible years because of it. No wonder we rejoiced at an election that promised us all we had fought and sacrificed for and an end

of outrages and contention. Unfortunately, peace did not come with it at once, because of the refusal of the slavery population of the South to accept the popular will, and the long and bloody war, which followed. But it did so settle matters that it put an end to the spread of slavery into the territories and states yet to be formed, and the war itself, ended slavery forever in America.

I had the great pleasure of attending the inauguration of President Lincoln. Much pleased with the political outlook and the prospect for peace and order, my wife and I decided to make a visit to our old homes. In the course of that visit, we were at Mt. Pleasant, Pa., when the time for the inauguration came round. As old friends and associates of mine were going to Washington to witness the ceremonies, I decided to go along. I stood about 20 feet from Mr. Lincoln when he took the oath of office and delivered his address, pledging himself to administer his office for the welfare of the whole people and to uphold the constitution. I heard every word he said, and the impression still remains with me, after 58 or more years of a busy life.

A few days later, in company with Hon. Sidney Clark, who had been elected a representative to congress from the new state so recently admitted into the Union, I was intro-

duced to the president There was a long line in waiting and all the president could do, was to shake each by the hand and say a word or two, here and there. But I hold it as a memorable occasion in my life. I admired him so much then and expected so much of him that I was proud to meet him, and now, because he was so much greater man than I then realized and did so much more than I could then see in the future, I am still prouder of having shaken his hand and with thousands of others, given him the encouragement of knowing that the people were behind him at the beginning of his great task of saving the Union from disruption and preserving for the world's greatest nation, both materially and spiritually, as it is today.

The world has moved far since that day, as it has always moved in the progress of man towards his higher welfare, since the dawn of civilization. It was a long step from Abraham, sitting in the door of his tent in Judea, to his namesake, taking the oath, on the steps of the White House, and it has been a long step from then to now, though far less in elapsed years. Human progress is not reckoned in terms of years, but in accomplishment and spiritual growth.

CHAPTER VI.

STARTING THE NEW STATE

I had something to do with the inauguration of the state government in 1861. Dr. Charles Robinson, who had been elected governor, by the free staters under the constitution they framed in the fall of 1855 and which was never adopted, was again elected by them as first governor of the new state. When the new senate and house which had been elected at the time of the adoption of the Wyandotte constitution under which the state was admitted assembled in Topeka, then established as the state capital, I went there and was elected clerk of the house of representatives.

I will not go into any of the details of that first session, save one, which may be of historic interest. As the time for adjournment ment approached, the all-important Code of Civil Procedure had not yet been passed and it seemed to be doomed for want of time to enact it. The chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and the speaker of the house came to me, and the chairman said:

"We have a bill here named the Code of Civil Procedure, which is very important, and it would be very unfortunate if it should fail

to pass. It is all ready, but the constitution requires that the speaker can not submit it to final vote until it shall have been read in full to the house in session. This we know is impossible. Can you think of any remedy?"

I replied: "The only remedy is to read it, which I think I can do."

They understood what I meant and said no more. The speaker announced to the house that the question before the house was the Code of Civil Procedure and called upon me to read the bill. I arose and began to read the bill. Up jumped a member and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I move the reading of the bill be suspended, as it can not be finished in time to pass."

"I can not submit the bill to a vote until it has been read in full. The clerk will proceed," ruled the speaker.

The clerk did proceed with considerable haste. I turned over the first five or six pages and began. Soon another member sprang up and shouted:

"Mr. Speaker, it is very important that this bill pass and become a law. If we wait for it to be read it will surely fail. What can be done?"

"The thing to do is to let the clerk alone. Let him proceed. He understands the situation and will finish it in time, if you let him alone," the speaker replied.

I started in again, and each time, as I finished a page, I turned over several more and began again. Thus by reading one page and skipping six or eight at a time, with nobody listening or paying any attention to me, I finished the whole bill in about 15 minutes. As I read the last page and sat down, the speaker arose and said:

"The bill having been read in full, the clerk will call the roll and all in favor of the bill will say 'Aye'," as their names are called.

There was a shout of "Aye" all over the house, and thus Kansas got her first Code of Civil Procedure.

There was another historic incident which is of interest. That legislature enacted a law providing that should it become necessary to arm or call out the militia, as a civil war seemed certain, most of the states in the south having seceded and formed the Confederate States of America, the governor was authorized to issue and sell bonds to an amount to cover the expense. The act provided that the bonds should bear interest at the rate of 10 per cent, as they were emergency bonds and the interest rate had to be high in order that the governor should not encounter delay in marketing them.

G. W. Collamore was Adjutant General of the state. He lost his life in the Quantrell raid on Lawrence in 1863. Soon after the

legislature adjourned and I went home to Franklin County, I received a letter from him, asking me to take a militia census of Franklin County and report to him the names of all men over 21 years of age and able to bear arms. I made the census and reported it to him at his home in Lawrence, with a bill at the rate of $3.00 a day, totaling $40.00. The Adjutant General received the report and said:

"There is no money in the treasury out of which I can pay this bill, and you may have to wait for your money until the next session of the legislature The law authorizing this expenditure provides that if an emergency arises, justifying the governor in organizing the militia, he may issue and sell $50,000.00 in bonds to cover the cost of organization. In that case your bill can be paid from such a fund."

A little later, I went up to Topeka on business. When I was about to start for home with my horse and buggy, a man came to the hotel and said:

"The governor wants to go to Lawrence this afternoon. Will you take him in your buggy?"

I readily assented. On the way to Lawrence I told Governor Robinson what I had done about taking the militia census and that I could not get my pay before the next session

of the legislature. The governor told me that the bonds had already been sold and the money was in the treasury, and that I would be paid any time I presented my bill. He said he had sold the bonds for 50 cents on the dollar, which was all he could get for them, although bearing 10 per cent interest.

When we reached Lawrence I told Col. Collamore what the governor had said and he expressed great astonishment and indignation. He declared that he had told the governor that he could get 98 cents on the dollar at any time he decided to sell the bonds, and he could not understand why they had been sold for 50 cents, especially as there was no special emergency at that time.

The bonds were sold to Judge Usher, of Lawrence, at that time an assistant secretary of a member of President Lincoln's cabinet, by R. S. Stephen, who lived in Attica, N. Y., but at that time had a government contract to build homes for the Sac and Fox Indians in the western part of Franklin County. Judge Usher paid him 99 cents for the bonds out of an Indian fund which he was authorized to use. The sale of these 10 percent bonds at half their face value created great excitement over the state. Gen. James H. Lane, a political enemy of Governor Robinson, made use of it to attack and ruin the reputation of the governor, who never re-

covered from the damage the act did him.

After learning of this bond sale, the Washington administration ignored the governor and decline to permit him have any part in organizing the various regiments formed in Kansas for the federal army during the war. It has always been a wonder to me that an intelligent man, holding a public office and responsible to the people for his acts, would permit such a transaction, which he must have known would bring him disgrace and ruin.

CHAPTER VII.

ORGANIZING FRANKLIN COUNTY

The people of Franklin County had refused to organize a county government under the "bogus" legislature of 1855, and the county remained unorganized until after the free state element secured control of the legislature. Then a convention was called to nominate officers and organize the county. I was nominated and elected Chairman of the Township Trustees. Under the law, the chairmen of the various township boards of trustees constituted the Board of County Commissioners. Thus, I was a member of the first county governing body. Before the next election the law was changed and I was then chosen a member of the Board of County Commissioners. I served one term and then was elected County Recorder.

This made it necessary for us to live in Minneloa, the county seat. So we sold our place and moved to Minneola. A little later the Civil War began and the county clerk volunteered and went to the war. The County Commissioners appointed me to discharge the duties of the absent man, and so I was both, Recorder and County Clerk. As the

County Treasurer was a farmer and not used to clerical work and dealing with money, he also joined the army and designated me to take charge of his office as his deputy. Thus, I was left as the whole official county force, except the sheriff and commissioners. It did not seem to be the proper thing for me to be Recorder, Clerk and Trasurer all in one, but nobody raised any objection, and so I had a very busy two years.

At the end of my term, I decided to run for the legislature. The union men, both Republicans and Democrats, united in a Union Party and held a convention. My chief opponent for the nomination was Joel K. Gooden, a prominent attorney and one of the leading Democratic politicians of the state. The convention was large and about evenly divided between us. There was much wrangling and discussion and neither side would give way. The convention adjourned without making a nomination and left us to settle the matter at the polls. The campaign was a lively one. There was scarcely a man in the district who was not a worker for one or the other of us. Gooden was a Democrat and I was a Republican. We both had strong friends and that made a hard fight. When the votes were counted it was found that I had a majority of only four. That was caused by the fact that in a township where I had expected 50 majority, I was betrayed by a man I had

supposed to be my friend and I received a majority of only four there. He worked against me secretly, during the campaign and openly all day at the polls, distributing ballots.

The cause of his secret enmity I learned later. Some time before, while I was helping the Treasurer of the county, this man entered the office to have his taxes attended to. The Treasurer happened to be in and as I was very busy with another party, he undertook to attend to the tax matter. The man had several pieces of land, and when the Treasurer added up the several tax amounts he made an error which made the man's total tax less than it should be. The tax on one tract had not been carried into the total. I happened to glance over his shoulder and noticed this error and called the Treasurer's attention to it. The result was that the man had to pay the correct amount of tax, which he did, but he never forgave me and tried to get even at the election, though I was not aware he held a grudge against me. I could not comprehend that an honest man could take offense at a plain business transaction that was exactly right. I still think no honest man would have done so, but this man did and came near causing my defeat at the election.

There was one man named Harlan P. Welch, a lawyer and a Democrat, who was

expected to vote for Mr. Gooden. I had heard before the election that he had said I would do more for the county than Gooden would. So I went to him and told him that if he would support me, I would secure him a situation as clerk in the legislature, which would be useful to him. He did all he could to secure my election and I got him a position as one of the clerks, and from that time on, he was always a strong friend.

The other representative elected from Franklin County was H. B. Beason, from the southern half of the county. We sat together and worked together at the session, except on one important measure. This bill was one providing for an election to change the county seat, which had already been moved from Minneola to Ohio City. I favored the change to Ottawa, but Beason was bitterly opposed to its removal from Ohio City.

In the center of Franklin County was the Ottawa Indian Reservation of about 10 miles square, which rendered it impossible to locate the county seat in the center of the county. However, a treaty had been made by which the Ottawa Indians were to become citizens and each select a tract of land for a home, the remainder of the reservation to be opened to settlement. The reservation lands had not yet been opened to settlers, so I introduced a bill, providing that when the county commissioners should receive a peti-

tion signed by a majority of the voters of Franklin County, asking that an election be called for location of the county seat, such election should be called and the vote determine such location.

Mr. Beason bitterly opposed this effort to get a new vote on county seat. He said such agitation disturbed and annoyed the people of the county, and that in-as-much as the two representatives of the county were divided on the question, the legislature should take no action. He had several precedents to suport his contention, and felt very confident.

I had not been idle in explaining to members the situation as regards the Indian reservation an dits prospective disappearance and so, when the bill came up and a vote was taken after a sharp debate between Mr. Beason and myself, there were 110 votes in a membership of 125 for the bill. Mr. Beason was the most disappointed and excited man I ever saw. He could not understand it, but I did The bill had substantial merit and deserved to pass. Its final result was to make Ottawa the county seat and the prosperous city it is today.

I had in mind making my home at the new county seat, but as there was some delay, Judge J. A. Marsell of the probate court and I decided to remove to Lawrence and establish business there, which we

did. We had made some money in Indian trading, as detailed elsewhere in this volume, and looked upon Lawrence as the best business location we could find. I bought a lot and built a house, which we occupied in July, 1863. Mr. Marsell left me in charge of the business and with Mrs. Marsell, went back to New Jersey for a visit.

I felt well pleased with the prospects, with a new home, well furnished to live in, a good business, well started, and a horse and buggy for the family to drive around in. In those days a good horse and buggy compared to a fine automobile now and a drive of 10 miles to an auto ride of 50 miles. I had a store well filled with hardware and groceries, each class of gods on an opposite side, and all paid for. Everything was moving along nicely and I expected to become one of the prosperous merchants of Lawrence. Then, suddenly, something happened which changed the picture. It was the bloody Quantrell raid, described in another chapter.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MINNEOLA SCANDAL

The small town of Minneola was the county seat of Franklin County at the time I went there to reside after being elected county recorder. It was located in the northwest corner of the county. In the center of the county was the Ottawa Indian Reservation, an area about 10 by 12 miles, which cut off easy access from the south to the north and prevented location of the seat of government in a more central place. After the free state forces gained control of the legislature that body passed a bill making Minneola the territorial capital, and called a convention to frame a constitution to be submitted to congress for admission of Kansas into the Union as a state.

This act making Minneola the territorial capital instead of Lecompton, so designated in the act of congress creating the territory, was generally considered as an illegal one and fraudlent in its nature. There was a gang of speculators booming Minneola. Only a few houses had been erected and there was no business to support a large town . The schemers purchased 1,000 acres of unoccu-

pied and unimproved land and organized a movement to secure the territorial capital there to aid the land boom. They raised the money to purchase the land and also to build a large convention hall, for the constitutional convention to use when the legislature called it, as they expected, to meet in Minneola. They also built a large hotel for the entertainment of the convention delegates.

Strong sentiment against this speculative enterprise spread all over the territory. When the convention assembled at Minneola this hostile feeling was so strong that the first business done was to pass a resolution to adjourn to Leavenworth. The speculators made a hard fight against this, but it passed almost unanimously and the convention departed. The act of the legislature which had designated Minneola as the territorial capital was decided to be void by the territorial court, and the great Minneola speculation flattened out and died.

The town of Minneola had been surveyed, and some 8,000 new and unimproved lots had been added, and divided among the speculators who had supplied the money for the boom and expected to get rich out of it. The proposed big city had already been made the county seat, and they thought they had a sure fortune. The 8,000 lots out on the unoccupied prairie lost all value. Some had

been sold out, but many still belonged to the speculators. All were abandoned as not worth owning or bothering with. If I remember right, the assessor valued them for taxation at $1.00 each and the taxes amounted to about one cent. That made the total tax on the 8,000 lots come to but $80.00.

As I have stated elsewhere, because other county officials had gone to the war, I was Recorder and Acting County Clerk and Treasurer, a sort of general manager of the county's business. The taxes on these lots being unpaid, what I should do about it was a problem. The owners had abandoned the property. The taxes could not be collected. The titles all stood of record in the names of non-resident owners. The land had to be sold for the taxes under the law.

I figured the cost of having the lots sold for delinquent taxes as follows:

Advertising 8,000 lots at 10 cents	$ 800.00
Treasurer's fee for sale	800.00
Treasurer's fee for certificates, 25c	2000.00
	$3600.00

This meant spending $3,600.00 by the county to collect only $80.00 and then not collect a cent of it. Out of such a transaction I would get a fee of fully $3,300.00 above all expenses and legal charges. I decided that I could not be guilty of taking money out of

the county treasury for myself in any such way as that, although it would have been a perfectly legal thing to do. I asked the County Commissioners to credit the Treasurer with the $80.00 coming to him officially as taxes and then cancel the assessment against the lots, thus saving the county $3,600.00. They did so.

When I went out of office, James Fitton was elected County Treasurer. He did not follow my example. He sold the lots for the taxes and they had to be bidden in by the county, which became owner of all those valueless lots, at a cost of about $4,000.00. The County Commissioners then voided the tract survey and returned the lots to farm lands, which the county owned, at a cost of $4.00 an acre. Later, this was sold in tracts of 20 acres or more at from $10 to $20 per acre, giving the county considerable profit on the deal. I can see now that the Treasurer did what was right and I should have done the same thing as a necessary legal step to acquisition of the title by the county. But at that time, I did not see the necessity for the county to obtain the title to this land. I did not understand that it was a good business transaction for the county, and thought I was saving the county an expense of over $3,000. So I failed to make use of the situation to make a profit of over $3,000 for myself. I

did not regret the loss of the fee, legitimate as it was, as much as my failure to think the whole matter through to the end. Many failures in life are a result of action based on imperfect knowledge.

CHAPTER IX

TRADING WITH THE INDIANS

Just before my term of office as Recorder of Franklin County expired, I had decided to remove from Minneola. It had no future before it I believed and I wanted to live in a growing town and do business there. The term of office of Probate Judge Jacob A. Marsell was about to expire at the same time as mine. We had been friends and fireside companions and had acquired a strong friendship and regard. He made a proposition for us to go into partnership in the buying of furs, first hand, from Indians and trappers and selling them in the fur markets of St. Louis and other cities, and he so convinced me that we could make money doing this that I agreed to it.

However, we had both decided to make our future home in Lawrence. So I purchased a lot in that city on Connecticut street, for which I paid $200.00, if I remember rightly. I was to meet the seller at the bank of Babcock & Lykins to make payment. Money conditions were somewhat unsettled then. The banker asked me what sort of money I intended to use to make payment

for the lot, and when I showed him what I had, he asked me to let him have it, and he would give me other money which would be accepted at its face value. I think my money was chiefly eastern bank notes, which were quoted at 1% discount in purchasing New York exchange. He gave me Illinois bank money, which was at a discount of 5 to 10 percent, but would be accepted at par in a real estate transaction. This illustrates the confused condition of currency at that time. (See chapter on "Greenbacks and Free Silver").

At that time the Osage Indians owned and occupied the southern part of the state, including Neosho, Montgomery, Wilson, Comanche, Clark and Wichita counties. P. P. Elder, agent for the Osages, was a friend of mine and he gave me a permit to trade with the Indians under his charge. We established a trading post on the Neosho River, just below where the town of Chanute now stands. Chanute was then just grass land, where from 10,000 to 15,000 people now live, and I have often ridden over it on horseback. While I conducted the post at that point, Judge Marsell went further west a few miles and began trading with another band of Indians.

We bought buffalo robes, coon skins, otter skins, beaver skins and the pelts of other wild animals, and we paid for them in coffee,

sugar, flour, ammunition and trinkets, such as caught the Indian fancy. We also bought many ponies and sent them to Minneola for sale. The chief of the band, with whom I traded and who claimed me as their trader, was Chief Little Bear. He was a man of large size and had great influence with the whole Osage nation. He now lies buried on the hill, overlooking the town of Neodesha, in Wilson County.

We did much business and made money. We usually paid $2.00 for a buffalo robe. However, the robes we got from these reservation Indians were not as good as those to be had from the wild tribes, farther west and north, such as the Cheyennes, Comanches, Sioux and Crows. But the powerful Cheyennes and some smaller neighboring tribes were at war with the whites and their robes were not then obtainable.

After the winter trading season was over, the Osages broke camp and went west on their annual hunt, to lay in their supplies of buffalo meat, robes and other furs, as hunting was not then good where they lived. In those days the buffalo ranged all over Western Kansas in great droves or bands, amounting to more than a million. It often took one of these bands hours to pass a point, with the column almost as wide as the eye could see. The Indians moved with families and all

their possessions. After a day's hunt, they would bring in the skins and meat and the squaws would dress the skins and dry the meat, making what was often called jerked meat, and farther north, called pemican. The squaws would cut the buffalo meat and venison into thin strips, dry it in the sun, pound it and pour melted grease on it. It was packed in skin sacks, when finished and kept all winter for food. When the band returned to their winter homes, their ponies were laden to their capacity with both skins and meat, which must last them till the next annual hunt, as they were not agriculturists.

While the Indians were absent on their hunt, there was nothing for us to do. We learned that they did not intend to reutrn to the Neosho camp when they came back, and so we closed the trading post and prepared to open a new post on Walnut River, in the western part of their reserve, near where Eldorado now stands. Mr. Marsell removed our goods to that point and took a cabin that had been deserted, and waited for the coming harvest. While Mr. Marsell and our assistant, George Lobengier, a cousin of Mrs. Griffith, remained at this post to await the return of the Indians, I stayed at home in Minneola.

When I thought it about time for the Indians to get back, I left home and passed through Emporia, Cottonwood Falls and

Eldorado and found my parties located on the banks of the Walnut River, some 20 miles from the nearest settlement, alone in the woods, doing nothing but just waiting. While in this desolate region, we got word that the Indians had decided not to come to this point, on their return, but to locate their camp on Verdegris River, some miles below the forks of Fall River, probably some 20 miles above the city of Independence, Kansas.

Mr. Marsell asked me what we were going to do. I said that there was but one thing to do. If the Indians did not come to us, we must go to the Indians. He said that our two yoke of oxen and one pair of mules could not haul our goods across the rough country.

"Then we must buy another team," I replied.

Early the next morning we were away in my horse and buggy to the settlement, where we bought a yoke of oxen. In two days we were ready to move. Mr. Marcell and I rode ahead in my buggy to find and mark a trail which the boys could follow with the oxen and mules, drawing the wagons.

Our first stopping place was to be Eureka, county seat of Greenwood County, where lived Dr. Tucker, a friend of Mr. Marsell. We planned to remain over night with him. When we reached a point about where we thought Eureka should be, we found two families

occupying two cabins, which we concluded were the new city We saw an Irishman chopping wood at one of the cabins and asked him if this was Eureka. He said it was. Then we asked him which was Dr. Tucker's house. He replied that there was no such man there. We insisted that we knew a man who lived in Eureka, and he insisted that no such man lived there. We were stumped, and did not know what to do. Finally, we asked who lived in one of the cabins (pointing to it), and he finally said:

"Well, a man by the name of Tucker lives there, but ain't no doctor."

We got out of the buggy in a hurry and went inside, where we found Tucker, who greeted us warmly and entertained us well for the night. In the morning, we struck out for the forks of Verdegris and Fall rivers, where we arrived that evening and went into camp to await the arrival of our teams. I remember thinking at that time, what a beautiful location it was for a city.

We had descended from the highland to a bench just above the rivers. It was covered with grass from 5 to 10 feet high. A deer started up and I could just see the white end of his tail bobbing through the grass. I fired, but guess I only hit grass, as the deer kept on his way. The place where I tried to shoot that deer is now all built up with solid build-

ings that compose the town of Neodesha. Night and darkness came and we had no place to sleep and nothing to eat. The teams had not come up. So we hitched our horse and took the back track.

As it was dark and we were in danger of losing our trail, I took a lantern we had brought along and with it followed our buggy tracks. We found the boys about five miles back, where we got supper and camped for the night.

The next morning we reached the bottom lands between the two rivers. It was timbered, with an Indian trail leading across it, but not wide enough for our wagons, and we had to cut many small trees to make a road through to Verdegris River. Here we were met by some Indians who had heard of our coming and were to guide us. On reaching the river, we discovered that while the bank on our side was low enough for us to drive into the stream, it was steep on the opposite side. The Indian trail went up the steep bank diagonally, but was not wide enough for the wagons.

I saw at a glance that the only thing that could be done was to widen the trail up the bank. With a shovel, pick and axe, and even with sharp sticks we went to work, cutting down the upper side of the bank and laying logs on the lower side, until we had made a

road up which our wagons could go, and did go, with all the teams on one wagon at a time.

About 10 miles down the stream we reached the place where the Indians intended to camp. Some had arrived and others were just coming in and pitching their tents. Other traders had already arrived to reap the rich harvest. We did not like that, but could not help it. Although we had been trading with them the year before and they liked us, they decided to wait till the next day and see who would give them the most for their furs.

After the other traders had retired for the night, somewhat early in order to get an early start in the morning, selling goods, Mr. Marsell, who was a shrewd man, went to some of the head Indians and said that if any of them wanted to trade that night, he would give an extra tin cup of coffee, free. Coffee was sold by the pint cup, instead of the pound. He figured that a man who traded robes to the total value of $10.00 to $20.00 would probably take in pay not more than $1.00 in coffee, and that the extra cup would only cost 25 cents, which was a small premium to pay for that much trade.

Such an inducement would not mean much to intelligent persons, and I did not believe it would get the Indians, but it did. The Indians swarmed into our store and swamped

us in trying to wait on them. We took in robes and furs as fast as we could handle them and pass out the goods in payment. The rival traders woke up and came storming in and tried to break up the deal, but failed. The robes and furs continued to roll in. About one o'clock in the morning Marsell told me that we were getting short on flour and asked me what to do about it. I said:

"Buy some more."

I hitched my horse to the buggy and about two o'clock a. m., struck out in the dark, across the wild prairie in the direction of Neosho Falls, where I knew there was a flour mill, some 40 miles distant.

Watching the stars to guide me, I pushed ahead as fast as I could over hills and plains. The wolves howled, the owls hooted and I had a strong feeling of all-aloneness, which did not encourage me to lessen my speed. The cause was urgent. Ahead was a far better place to be at night, and I did my best. I arrived the next day and before night I had hired two teams and wagons, loaded them with flour and started them on the way back. As there was no need for me to return also, I kept on towards home in Minneola. The flour arrived in time, and our goods were all sold out.

In about a week the wagons loaded with furs arrived in Minneola. The furs were sent

to market and that was the last of my Indian trading. We had made about $15,000 profiit since we went into the business, and as that was more money than either of us had ever had before, we were quite satisfied. I quit, but Marsell concluded to continue in the business alone.

He had quite an experience two or three years after that. In the meantime, I do not think he had been doing very well. He came to me one day and said he intended to try to trade with the wild Indians. As I have said, the powerful Cheyennes and other tribes were at war with the whites and the government had cavalry troops fighting them and protecting settlements. I warned him against engaging in such dangerous business, but he said he understood the Indians and thought he could deal safely with them, even when they were on the warpath against the whites. He said that the Indians would always protect the trader who sold them goods even when they were at war with the trader's people. He felt sure if he could find them and reach them in safety, he would be perfectly safe with them and would make a lot of money. Because of the war, they needed many things and had a great collection of robes they had been unable to sell. Also, these robes were better than we had been getting from the Osages and would sell for more money.

The Indians were raiding the whole region of Western Kansas and Nebraska and Eastern Colorado, burning cabins and murdering and scalping settlers. They moved about continually, great bands of them, with their women and children, and the troops were constanly on their trail, but seldom getting up with them. Traders were not very popular with either the soldiers or settlers, because in a way the goods they sold helped the Indians to keep going. Marsell believed he could find the Indians and reach them with his goods. He loaded two large wagons with such goods as he believed the Indians would buy and started out with George Lobengier and another man to help him.

They crossed the frontier settlements not far from where Wichita now stands, and continued westward over the plains. The Osages had told them where they would be likely to find the hostile tribes. Covering 15 to 20 miles a day, seeing no human beings, but plenty of antelope and buffalo, and hearing the howling of plenty of wolves, they felt lonesome indeed. When they had gone about 80 miles beyond the settlements, they saw a band of Indians, about a dozen in number, galloping towards them and realized that the crisis had come. They might be killed before they had made the Indians understand that they were only traders come to

trade with them. Both their goods and their scalps might be taken. They stopped their teams and stood still.

"Now George," said Marsell, "Stand still, keep cool and we will convince them that we are friends."

Because the party showed no fear and no intention to fight, the Indians rode up without shooting. Marsell had picked up some Indian words, and though of a language different from that of this tribe, they understood him enough to learn that he had goods he wanted to trade for furs, and so they conducted the party to their camp. The next day they sold everything they had the Indians wanted. There were some goods the savages would not buy and they had to take them away. In exchange, they got an abundance of the finest of buffalo robes worth $15.00 for a dollar or two in trade in goods on which they were making 100 per cent profit.

The chiefs then held a council with Marsell and told him there were thousands of Indians who were destitute because of the war. They gave him a list of things the Indians needed and asked him if he would not send his teams back for them, and how long it would take. Marsell told them he could be back with goods in two weeks. They urged him to go, promising by that time to have the tribes assembled there in great numbers

with thousands of robes and furs to trade. So he loaded his wagons with the furs he had bought and sent Lobengier and the other man back to Leavenworth, to buy and bring out more goods, with instructions to make the greatest possible haste.

Marsell remained in the camp of one of the principal chiefs. By the time the teams should have returned, the Indians were coming in great numbers and made a very populous camp. They kept on arriving till the whole plain was covered with tepees almost as far as he could see.

Mr. Marsell was filled with anxiety for the arrival of his two teams, loaded with goods such as the Indians had informed him they wanted. He knew he could sell all the goods he was expecting at double their cost and take in exchange the finest quality of buffalo robes at about $2.00 each, which he could readily sell for $10.00 each. The class of robes dressed by these wild Indians were worth double the value of the robes procured from the Osage Indians. He felt excited over the great opportunity which he saw before him. Such a chance does not often come in one's lifetime. He confidently expected the arrival of his teams in a day or two. The vast throng of Indians went into camp and covered the prairie, almost as far as the eye could reach. Some days passed and his teams

did not arrive and the Indians became uneasy and over anxious—partly caused by their fear that the U. S. troops would discover them and attack them. They sent out scouts, who returned and reported they had gone 50 miles and made no discovery.

Mr. Marsell worried night and day and plead with the Indians to be patient, as he knew his teams would soon arrive, but days passed and no teams came. He saw one Indian family taking down their tent. This indicated the end of his hopes and great expectation and so it proved to be, as in one hour every Indian tent had been taken down and that vast flock of wild Indians had disappeared and he was left solitary and alone on the wild prairie, with the remnant of goods which were left from his first outfit which this tribe of Indians did not want.

He then fully realized that his effort to sell to these wild Indians was a failure and a great misfortune to him. He was cast down, felt humiliated and discouraged, sitting there alone on the vast and uninhabited prairie with no hopes of success.

The next morning the teams, fully loaded with such as these Indians wanted, came driving into camp to share the great disappointment. There was no hope. The Indians had disappeared and their location was entirely unknown. My old friend, Judge Marsell,

with the new load of Indian goods, turned around and began the journey homeward, realizing a complete failure and great loss. He had planned a scheme of great promise, which would have been a success if the teams had not been delayed beyond expectation. I was not in partnership with him in this transaction. If I had been, I feel sure it would have been successful, as it would have been my business to procure these new goods and I would have realized the great necessity of haste. I would have driven night and day and if my teams gave out, I would have bought new ones and got there in time.

There existed at that time a general belief that extensive corruption existed in the government conduct of Indian affairs, and with good reason. When General Grant became president, he undertook to correct this. He wanted to get a higher type of Indian agents.

He asked the several churches to take the responsibility of recommending good and trustworthy men for appointment to the Indian service, so that he would not have to rely upon politicians for recommendations. I was well acquainted with the Osages, as I have said. A leading man of the Quaker faith was appointed Superintendent of Indian Agents, and another man of the same society was made agent for the Osages. I became personally acquainted with both of

these officials and went on the bond of the superintendent.

Some years later, a Mr. Parsons came to Lawrence to live. He had been selected by the Presbyterian Church to serve as Indian Agent, and had been appointed by the president as agent for a tribe whose name I do not remember. He served his term faithfully and honestly and then settled in Lawrence, where he became a leading member of the Presbytrian Church there. In this manner, and to my own knowledge, in these instances, President Grant sought to overthrow corruption and graft in the Indian service and get just treatment for the Indians. How far he got as a whole I do not know. There is still much complaint on the part of the friends of the Indians about the conduct of that department.

CHAPTER X.

THE QUANTRELL RAID

During the first three years of the Civil War, the borderland between freedom and slavery, the counties of Missouri and Kansas that were adjacent to or near the interstate line, were scenes of many bloody incidents. Forays were made by independent bands not enlisted as regular soldiers of either army, from Missouri into Kansas and like forays from Kansas into Missouri. The Missouri outlaws, for that was what they actually were, though they at first pretended to operate in connection with the Confederate army, were known as "guerrillas," while the independent bands of Kansas were called "jayhawkers."

Literally a guerrilla is one who carries on an irregular warfare. But after a time these Missouri bands ceased to be entitled to even that much recognition as being engaged in war. They became absolute outlaws and murdered and pillaged not only in Kansas, but in their own state. A family that expressed Union sentiment they considered legitimate prey, and they were charged with not even drawing as much of a distinction as

that. However, they were especially bitter against the people of Kansas, because of all that had gone before in their loss of the free state fight, and many were their bloody outrages on Kansas soil. I do not apologize for anything done in retaliation by jayhawkers. I condemn it all, but the balance of outrage, plunder and murder was very heavily on the side of the guerrillas.

Towards the end of the war, during the last two years, the federal army had so taken complete possession of all the country west of the Mississippi River, and the troops had so vigorously campaigned against these guerrillas, that outrages diminished in number. The outlaws had no base of operations within Confederate lines or far beyond Union lines, as they formerly had, and could not be so bold as before. However, almost their last act was the worst of all, an inexcusable, despicable, savage massacre of innocent people and destruction of their property. I refer to the raid made by the Quantrell band upon Lawrence, August 21, 1863. This will go down in history as the most dastardly deed, not alone of the Civil War, but of all our American history.

As I was personally present during this bloody raid, I am going to tell what I saw and know. Lawrence had from the first been the headquarters of the free state forces. It was there, as I have said, the conventions were

held by which the Free State Party was organized. It was therefore against the people of that city the slavery element of both Kansas and Missouri, and particularly the latter, felt the most bitter, and they underook to give vent to that bitterness under cover of the war.

In the spring of 1863 I had located in Lawrence, bulit a home on Connecticut street, and opened a store on Massachusetts street, selling groceries and hardware. It stood on Massachusetts street opposite the Eldridge House, the large hotel that had been burned by the U. S. Marshal and had been rebuilt. It was a favorite assembling and council place for the supporters of freedom in Kansas. The border counties of Missouri were very much split on the question of the war. Young men enlisted in both armies. Often, two of the family were on opposite sides. All this contributed to the confusion and hard feelings, and it all tended to concentrate the venom of the outlaw slavery element against Lawrence.

In the summer of that year there were rumors that Missourians were organizing a force to capture and destroy Lawrence. I did not put much faith in this. It seemed impossible. United States cavalry were scouting all about the borderland and troops were stationed at Fort Leavenworth and Kansas City. It did not seem possible that a band of raiders could or would attempt to attack the city

under such conditions, being compelled to travel 40 miles through Kansas to do so and the same distance to get back to safety, again. I did not think that men would be so foolish as to attempt it, much as they might desire to do so. Besides the several thousand troops at Fort Leavenworth, General Ewing had several regiments at Kansas City and Westport and the whole state of Missouri was under control of the federal army.

Quantrell organized a band of 300 reckless and lawless men in the Black Hills of western Missouri and it was this that started the rumors which seemed so impossible to me. General Ewing had also heard these rumors and he stationed guards at points along the state line and sent spies into Quantrell's camp. All this added to my sense of security.

I think my views were held generally by the citizens of Lawrence and the officials, hence no proper preparation for defense was made. However, Mayor G. W. Collamore made application to the government for arms and ammunition, for the purpose of organizing a force for the protection of the city, but he deposited both arms and ammunition in a temporary fort at the head of Massachusetts street, to be issued when needed and took no steps to organize a military company, and the feeling of alarm subsided. The result was

that the city was caught utterly unprepared and helpless.

On the night of August 20, 1863, I retired as usual in good spirits. I had established a good business, had a good home, was worth about $10,000, had no debts and felt that things were going very well with me indeed. In the morning it was different. Before my usual time for getting up, I heard great cries of alarm and shooting. I jumped from bed and ran to a window, overlooking the street. A large band of horsemen were entering the city, galloping down the street, yelling at the top of their voices and shooting their guns. Instantly, I knew what it meant. Quantrell's raiders had actually come.

The spies General Ewing had sent to join Quantrell's band, had deserted at the state line and hastened to headquarters to report to the general. There were two of them and they attracted the attention of some of the border guards by their haste and were mistaken for guerrillas. They were pursued. Fearing they would be shot before they could make themselves known and would at best be detained, they fled and escaped and made their way to Kansas City, by a long detour, which caused much loss of time.

As soon as General Ewing received word that Quantrell had actually started on a raid, with Lawrence as his objective, he ordered

Colonel Plumb to proceed with a regiment of cavalry to Lawrence or in pursuit of the guerrillas. I understand that Colonel Plumb got started about 11:00 o'clock that night, which was the same night the raiders were advancing upon Lawrence. He reached Olathe, some 25 miles from Kansas City, about 3:00 o'clock in the morning and there learned that the Quantrell band had passed in the direction of Lawrence. It was about 9:00 o'clock in the morning that Quantrell, then busy in his dreadful work in Lawrence, heard that the soldiers were approaching, and abandoned his destructive activities and began collecting his scattered force in order to make a retreat to safety. It was thus that the city was saved from complete destruction and many lives spared would undoubtedly otherwise have been lost.

Quantrell could not retreat the way he had come, because the soldiers were approaching along that road, and so he took the road running directly south. This information was carried to Colonel Plumb and instead of continuing on to Lawrence, he branched off to the southward in the hope of outflanking the retreating raiders and cut them off from returning to Missouri. However, he struck the road the guerrillas were on after they had passed and was not able to head them off, and started along that road in pursuit.

The cavalry had made a forced march of

40 miles, more than 10 hours of continuous riding, and the horses were weary and could not make the speed necessary to overtake the retreating force. Ahead of them were several hundred civilians also chasing the raiders. These were composed of residents of the region surrounding Lawrence, who had heard of what was going on in the city and had hastily grasped what arms they could and ridden into the city, where they were joined by some of the citizens and rode south in pursuit of the fleeing force. However, they were neither so well armed, well mounted or organized and could not cope with the 300 better armed and organized desperate men.

The civilians and cavalry were compelled to halt when night came — they were all compelled to halt and discontinue the pursuit. Thus, it was that Quantrell and his band of murderers succeeded in getting safely back into Missouri and I understand dispersed and scattered so as to escape capture by U. S. troops that were sent into that region from all directions. I think that Quantrell himself, went to Kentucky and was killed there.

But to return to the raid itself. Looking from our windows, my wife and I could see the raiders and burning buildings, they had set on fire and hear the guns. Then we heard our doorbell ring. When I went to the door,

there stood one of the raiders and George Lobengier, a clerk, who helped me in the store and slept there. The robbers had taken possession, but could not open the safe, so they compelled Lobengier to guide this man to my house. He said:

"I want you to come to the store and open the safe."

There was nothing else I could do but comply, and so I went with him, leaving Mrs. Griffith in the house, believing that was the safest place for her. The outlaw noticed my watch and demanded it. I gave it to him. I also did everything else he and his companions ordered me to do during all the raid. To have refused would have meant instant death. I was not frightened. At first, I did not believe the raiders would commit murder unless opposed, but felt sure I would lose my property. I soon had reason to change my opinion about their committing murder.

On our way to the store, we crossed Quincy street, where some 15 to 20 recruits for the federal army had been encamped, but without arms and unable to defend themselves. They had all been shot down and their bodies lay around the camp, which I saw as I passed. All along Massachusetts street, the stores were on fire and dead bodies lay on the sidewalk. We had to step over them to go along.

When we reached the store, we went in and

I opened the safe and handed them th money drawer. They took out the money, some $400 or $500, and handed the drawer back to me saying: "We don't want your papers." They had overlooked a $10 bill, which I put in my pocket, and that was all we had to live on for several days. A crowd of raiders came into the store and I had to wait on them as a clerk while they selected what they wanted to take. Nobody asked the price of anything and nobody paid any money, so it was a quick "sale" every time. The store was already on fire in the rear and we had to be quick to get anything out. I did not know what to do. If I undertook to leave, I would probably be shot. It was a critical situation. I had been unable to learn anything about what had happened to my family. I was greatly worried and knew if I was to be of any help to them I must first escape, but it was impossible.

Just across the street was the Eldridge House, just where it is today. The hotel was burning. I saw people come out of it who appeared to be under guard, men, women and children. They were marched across the street, turned east and halted just opposite where the Bowersock Theatre Building is now located and opposite which the post office now stands. I realized the fact that most of these were guests of the hotel and not resi-

dents of the city and that some of them were from the South It occurred to me that their company would be desirable. It seemed to be the safest place in sight. I left the store and went over there, and the guards paid no attention to me as I passed them and joined the crowd.

I had been there but a few minutes when one of the guards drew his revolver and said to the others:

"Now, we will shoot the men."

This did not sound as though I was as safe as I had thought. It seemed like "out of the frying pan into the fire" for me. But another guard spoke up and said:

"No, we are not to shoot these men. It is against orders.

The other man asserted that we would not obey such orders, but the second man declared:

"If you shoot any of these men, I will shoot you."

Just at this point two prominent men, J. C. Horton and Alexander R. Banks, who were prisoners with us, began to take action. They hailed a man riding by and asked to see Colonel Quantrell. Some men told where Quantrell was and Horton and Banks urged the man to go to him and ask him to come and look into the situation. We saw him ride away and wondered what would come of it. In a

few minutes Colonel Quantrell rode up and Mr. Horton spoke to him. I saw the guerrilla chief point to the Durfee House, and I knew he was sending us to that hotel, only about a block distant, near the river. It appears that at some previous time Quantrell had visited Lawrence and made his home at this hotel and become acquainted with Mr. Stone, its manager.

We were taken to the Durfee House and were well received by Mr. Stone. Quantrell remained there a while, talking to some of the prisoners, among whom, I recognized Mr. Walsh, who had been Secretary of State and lived in a southern state, Mississippi, I think. He was a well known proslavery man and had worked for the making of Kansas a slave state, but he did not favor any such work as Quantrell was then doing.

Mr. Stone did all he could to make us comfortable and feel safe. He told us that Quantrell had given orders that no one should molest us. But I remember that somebody went among us and asked if any of us had arms. It was felt that when Quantrell himself went away his authority might go with him and that some of the reckless and undisciplined men might vent on us their rage at being interrupted by the approach of the soldiers. We could see that hasty arrangements for a retreat were being made and we viewed that

as a critical time. It did not appear to me that straglers would come back and molest us, but here again I was mistaken.

Soon after the main body had left in haste, by the road leading to the south, two men rode up in front of the hotel and ordered all the men to come out and be shot. I do not know just what their language was, but it alarmed us all, both men and women. We did not know just what to do. Mr. Stone immediately and without fear walked out to them. They were sitting on their horses facing the front entrance, with guns in their hands. Mr. Stone told them that Colonel Quantrell had placed all the men and women in this party under his charge, with instructions to keep them safe from all harm.

His brave act cost him his life. One of the men shot him and he fell in the street mortally wounded. This cruel murder caused great fear and consternation among our party. We knew not what to do. However, the murderer soon paid the penalty of his act. He had delayed too long in making his escape and was soon killed by one of the men from the country who had hastened in when they heard of what was going on.

What to do we did not know. Most of us were on the second floor of the hotel, and none of us had any arms for defense. "What shall I do?" I asked myself. Just then I saw

Hon. R. S. Stephens passing deliberately along the hall. I was acquainted with him and knew him as a former member of congress from Attica, N. Y., and a leading Democrat, who held contracts for building houses for the Sac and Fox Indians on their reservation not far away in the western part of Franklin County. It occurred to me that he ought to be a better judge of what to do then I was and determined to follow his acts, whatever they were. He was walking towards the window at the end of the hall and I followed. He jumped out of the window from the second floor to the ground and immediately I followed suit. I struck the ground on my feet, but fell over. As I sprang up again I thought to myself that I was in grave danger and that the best thing to do was to run and run fast. So I started up the river, running my best, watching my feet to be sure of not stumbling. and not looking back, nor to the right or left. I found myself passing Mr. Stephens and this trifling thought flashed through my mind: "This eventful occasion has taught me that I can out run Mr. Stephens." I passed him in the race and I have never seen him since.

When I had gone along the river about a quarter of a mile, I saw a skiff or boat tied to the bank and decided to get in it and row across the stream, which was then very high and swift. Just then Mr. Storm, another Lawrence merchant, came up and jumped into the

boat with me. I discovered that one of the oars had broken loose from its fastenings, but the other was all right. I took it and pushed off from the shore and said to Mr. Storm: "I will do my best to handle this loose oar, but can not hope to compete with you and your good oar. You must let me have two or three strokes to your one to keep the boat going straight across the river. But he did not do so. He was excited and rowed as fast as he could. The boat kept turning around and we made no progress across the river, but floated down with the current towards the point of danger.

I shouted firmly: "Storm, give me that oar and you take mine!" He did so, and then I said: "Now, do your best." I took the fast oar and worked slowly, giving him several strokes to my one, and we went straight across the river, where we knew we were safe. By this time I felt sure that all the enemy had left the city and that it was safe to return. So I walked down to the ferry and recrossed the river, and immediately struck out for home, to see if my wife and child were alive and the house still standing.

In passing along the street I saw a number of my neighbors lying dead and I was filled with anxiety. I had been unable to reach my family or to hear anything at all about them during the about three hours I had been in the hands of the outlaws and while escaping

from them. I found only the smoking ruins of my house. Across the street, the two story house of Mr. Nichols was in ashes and still smoking and Mr. Nichols lay dead in the doorway, partially burned. I saw nobody alive and I was wild to know what had been the fate of my family I ran a block east to where Mr. Conway lived. He was a member of congress from Kansas. Before I reached it, my wife came running out to greet me and was overjoyed to see me safe, as I was to see her and to learn that both she and the child were unharmed.

She told me that soon after I had been taken away from home, a man came into the house brandishing a gun and demanding to see the man of the house. She explained that I had been taken away by some of his band, and he ordered her to get out, as he intended to burn the house. She did so, taking our only son in her arms, and went across the street to Mr. Nichols' home, where she found Mr. and Mrs. Nichols and their hired girl. In a few minutes the same man who had been at our house and ordered her out and set it on fire, came into the Nichols home and ordered the women to leave and take nothing with them.

Mr. Nichols was hidden up stairs. So the women walked out, hoping that he would not be found and the house would

not be burned. In his excitement, Mr. Nichols left his place of concealment and came to the head of the stairs. The outlaw saw him and shot him, the body rolling down the stairs and coming to a stop halfway out of the open door. The two women started to his aid, for the purpose of moving the body outside, but the bandit ordered them to get away from him and not touch him. The house was burning fiercely by that time and the women had to leave the body where it was, to be half consumed in the blaze. They sought refuge down the street at the Conway house.

In three brief hours I had lost all my possessions, my home, my carriage and horses, my store, all ready cash, everything except a small riding pony belonging to Mrs. Griffith, which the outlaws did not want. But my wife and child were safe and we faced the world together for another start in life.

My wife mounted the pony, with the baby in her arms, and leading the animal, I started down the street looking for some place where we might have shelter. I met young Marsell, son of my partner, who had been helping me in the store, and he invited us to make their house our home till his father and mother returned from the East, which was gladly accepted. In about a week they returned home.

Realizing that there was room for us there no longer, we took our little all and walked a block or two to the home of Judge Thatcher and rang the bell. He came to the door and I said:

"Judge, we have no place to stay over night and have come to see if we could stay for the night with you?"

"Our latch string is always out, to you, George." he replied, and we went in.

The next day we found a furnished house, which we rented and began living again. I had the $10 which the bandits had overlooked in the cash drawer and I sold the remnants of our carriage for $10. That gave us the great sum of $20 with which to make our new start in life.

A few days after the raid we had another brief excitement. Someone, I never knew who, came riding into town, sounding the alarm. He declared that Quantrell and his band were on their way back to finish the job the soldiers had interrupted, and would soon arrive. Then ensued the greatest scene of excitement I ever witnessed. Men and women who had seen their loved ones slain mercilessly and their homes burned and knew that the murderers had only been prevented from greater slaughter and destruction by the arrival of troops—who, as I have already said, did not actually come

into the city, but turned off in pursuit of the raiders, and were not now there to protect us—if they came back, would ocme with more murderous intent than in the first place and nobody might hope to escape death.

My sister-in-law, widow of my older brother, W. R. Griffith, had come down from Topeka to see how we had fared in the great calamity. She and her son were stopping at our new home. When we heard the news and loked out upon the street and witnessed all the excitement, the running about and the cries of fear, some running in one direction and some in another, I said to our people:

"This is a false alarm. Quantrell is not in this state. He is seeking a place to hide from the soldiers himself. The troops are hunting for him everywhere. Do not be alarmed. There is no danger."

I went out into the street where hundreds of men, women and children were running wildly about, like animals in stampede. I assured all who would stop to listen to me that there was no danger. Some would stop when I spoke and some would not. Women were crying and all seemed to be trying to escape somewhere, they knew not where. I never witnessed such a scene in all my life. It appeared that nothing could be done to stop it.

I went back into the house, borrowed my sister-in-law's horse and went up to the head of Massachusetts street, where the people were gathering, near where the theatre now stands. There I found General Deitzler. He was in the army; but was home on furlough. He was organizing all the men he could get into a force for defense against the rumored raiders. He asked me to take a man or two and ride out to the suburbs of the city and see if I could discover any force approaching. We rode all around the south and east boundaries of the city, but could hear or see nothing. We returned and reported. Then General Deitzler asked me to go with half a dozen men to the eastern outskirts of the city and stand guard for the remainder of the night. I replied firmly and emphatically:

"General, this is a false alarm. You know it and I know it. There is no enemy within a hundred miles of us. Our conduct with all these preparations is only increasing the alarm by making the people believe there is real danger when we know there is none."

General Deitzler replied: "I believe you are right and the best thing we can do is to tell everybody that there is no truth in the alarm and to go home."

I then went back to the house where we were stopping and found it vacant. Sometime later my wife returned and said:

"A few minutes after you went, a man came along with a horse and wagon and seeing us on the porch stopped and cried out to us, 'Come on and jump into my wagon and let me drive you to safety. The rebels are coming and will soon be here. Make haste. They will be upon us soon. Let us escape while we can.' We then all ran out and got into the wagon and he drove out into the country where he said we would be safe. In a little while we walked back."

That was the last of this great alarm of a second raid on Lawrence by Quantrell, except the stories we heard afterwards from many people who remained in the woods all night and worried without sleep, returning timidly in the morning. Then the people of Lawrence began the task of rebuilding their homes and business, after burying their loved ones and the soldier recruits who had been slaughtered in the bloody raid, victims to brutal hate and a spirit of murderous vengeance born of a long period of conflict between the supporters of slavery and freedom in the founding of the new state of Kansas.

I have related my own experience in the murderous foray. Now I want to tell some of the sights I saw and others the full truth of which I learned. The celebrated Gen. James H. Lane, who had played a prominent part in the politics of Kansas during the preceding three or four years, was living in a two-story

house in the western part of the city. He was at home when the raid began, but he escaped from the house and hid in a corn field. He knew he was a special object of malignity on the part of the proslavery Missourians and that if found he would be killed. He was not discovered, but his family were driven into the street and his home burned. He was more fortunate than many other prominent citizens.

One of these was Colonel G. W. Collamore. mayor of the city, who was at home when the raid began, as were practically all citizens, because of the early hour. He hastily selected the well in his yard as his place of refuge and descended into it. It was a covered well that was on his porch and after he descended the cover was replaced. It was a fatal refuge. He died from poisoned air in the well, the cover not permitting fresh air to reach him. Another prominent citizen was Mr. Love, a neighbor of Mayor Collamore and a man with whom I was well acquainted. He went to the rescue of Colonel Collamore and descended into the well, where he also fell a victim to the poison gas before he could be rescued. Its deadliness was not sufficiently realized.

Mr. Thorp, whom the governor had appointed Superintendent of Schools to succeed my brother, William, who had died, was shot through the body at his home, without

having done anything whatever in the way of resistance, either verbal or physical. He lived for several days in great suffering at his home, which had not been burned, and I called on him there and did what I could to comfort him.

Charles S. Duncan, who became my partner in business shortly after this terrible day, often told me the details of his experiences. The Methodist minister was boarding at his house and of course was a special object of hatred by the outlaws. It meant death to both for them to be seen, especially together. Fearing some of the gang would enter the house in search of them, they hid under a bed as the only place they could find, there not being time to get out of the house. Three or four men rode up and demanded that the men come out, but no response was made. At this critical time the minister crawled close to Mr. Duncan and said:

"Oh, Mr. Duncan, let us pray."

"Go away from me, brother, said Duncan. "I have done my praying before today. I have no time to pray now. I must look out for myself."

A short distance away the bandits espied a negro running for his life, with two men on horseback pursuing him. He was able to cross a steep ravine, where the horsemen could not follow. These saw the men in front

of Mr. Duncan's house and called out to them:

"Shoot that nigger."

The men at Duncan's, probably thinking a negro running was better game than trying to find hidden men, went in pursuit. Mr. Duncan said he never knew whether or not they caught and killed him, as a number of negroes were killed and he could not identify this one, but if he thus died, his death saved Mr. Duncan's life. Being informed by the women that the raiders had gone after the negro, the two in hiding under the bed came out and hurried to a cornfield nearby, where they found many others using it as a place of hiding. They all remained there until the outlaws fled when the soldiers approached.

Mr. Carpenter, a young and highly respected attorney, was in his house with his wife. When the hubub of shooting, cries and fire began they decided that their best plan was to remain quietly at home and make no effort to escape. This was just what Mrs. Griffith and I had decided to do, but I was unable to carry it out because the raiders compelled me to go to the store. Several bands of raiders stopped in front of their house and called to them to come out, but they explained that they were doing nothing and remaining indoors. In each instance the outlaws rode away without further action.

Finally, one man came along and declared that he intended to kill Mr. Carpenter. He would listen to no explanation or plea for mercy and shot him down in cold blood. Perhaps his blood was not so cold, as the raiders had by this time done considerable drinking. Carpenter fell on the floor and his wife cast herself across the body in an effort to shield him from further injury, but the outlaw brutally dragged her off and cast her to one side, and renewed his attack, keeping it up till he was sure his victim was dead. Carpenter was a fine young man, just entering upon what his friends expected to be a long and useful life.

The next day Judge Thatcher and I went to this stricken home to see if we could do anything to help and comfort the young widow. We sat down with her and gave her what consolation we could, but she was so overcome with grief and horror that she could not speak. There was little we could do or say. That was 66 years ago, yet I remember each word of Judge Thatcher:

"We can not say or do anything, Mrs. Carpenter." We departed and left her alone in her sorrow.

As I have said we had decided to remain at home and keep off the street, and before the raiders called and took me away we witnessed some terrible sights. One of the first incidents was that of a dozen of the invaders

riding down the street at a trot, when a negro ran out of a house carrying in his arms a child a year or two old. He had reached a vacant lot next to my house and was but 100 feet from us, when one of the men detached himself from the band and rode up to within a few feet of him and shot him dead. The child was not hurt, but lay crying in the weeds until a colored woman — perhaps the child's mother—came out of the house from which the negro had run, walked down the street to the crying infant, took it up and walked away.

One of my near neighbors came out of his house and crawled under it to hide. It so happened that his house was not burned and he escaped. Another neighbor lived in a brick house. I saw him and his wife run out of the rear of the house to a place where stood a privy, there being no water system in the city at that time. They went in and closed the door. That appeared to me then to be unnecessary, but I was mistaken, as the house was later entered, ransacked and set on fire. This was rather late in the raid and the men who fired the house left before it got well ablaze, and the owners were able to come out and extinguish the fire and save their home.

My old friend, Rev. S. S. Snyder, of whom I have already spoken as the first minister to visit my cabin in Franklin County and help

organize the first church there, was at the time of the raid living on a claim of his own some two miles south of Lawrence. I heard that a new regiment was in the course of formation, of which he was to be the chaplain. As the bandits rode into the city in the morning they passed not far from his house. Two of them were detached from the main party and rode to his home. They found him in the yard, milking a cow. They asked for Rev. Snider. When he stood up with the milk-pail in hand and said he was the man, they shot him dead without a word and rode away.

Another exciting incident was that of Samuel A. Riggs. I was well acquainted with him. He had been District Attorney of the district in which Franklin County was situated at the time I was County Recorder. At the time of the raid, he lived on Rhode Island street. Later he lived for many years on a tract south of the city. At times during the raid several parties stopped in front of the house with the intent to burn it and kill its owner. Mr. and Mrs. Riggs succeeded in persuading them to let them alone, until one lone man, more bloodthirsty than the others, came along and declared that he intended to burn the house and kill its owner.

Every effort at conciliation was made, but he could not be persuaded from his purpose. Nothing Mrs. Riggs could say reached his stony heart. When he raised his gun to fire

at her husband, Mrs. Riggs sprang upon him like a tiger upon his prey, shouting to husband to escape. He obeyed, and while she struggled with the villain he ran from the house to the sidewalk and started north. Just north of the house there was a vacant block fenced in, the raider's horse being hitched to a post in front of the house.

Ecaping from the frantic wife's clutches, the outlaw ran to his horse to mount it and pursue Mr. Riggs, but when he reached the saddle he found that Mrs. Riggs was clinging t othe bridle reins and would not let go. He struck her hands with his gun and lashed his horse and broke loose from her clutch, starting after the fleeing man. When Riggs saw his pursuer he scrambled over the fence and ran across the block to an alley on the west side of Rhode Island street. Jumping over the fence into the alley, he ran south, which course would bring him past the rear of his own house. His pursuer had to continue north and turn the corner in order to reach the alley.

Mrs. Riggs was still fighting for her husband's life. She ran through the yard to the alley, and when her husband had passed in flight, she took her stand in the middle of the alley to face the pursuer as he entered it from the north and came down it. He saw her as he approached and attempted to rein his horse to one side and pass by her, but she made a spring and grasped the horse by

the bit and hung on, being lifted from her feet and dragged till the horse was brought to a stop. The brute—meaning the man, not the horse—threatened her with his gun and said he would shoot if she did not let go.

"Shoot away," she exclaimed and hung on, but instead of shooting, he struck her a brutal blow on her hand holding the horse by the bit and so hurt her that her grip loosened. But she had delayed him long enough to let her husband escape.

When the bandit got started again he could see nothing of the fugitive and gave up the pursuit. The raiders were then hastening to get out of town and he was afraid to delay any longer. Thus, Mr. Riggs made his escape solely because of the bravrey and desperation of his wonderful wife. Nobody had suspected that she was such a brave and intelligent woman. It was the greatest deed of all that was done that terrible day. Our two families lived as near neighbors for about 30 years. He was later elected and served as Circuit Judge.

After the raid I met another man who told me his experiences. He and his family were driven from their home. They had $1500 in the house, which they took with them. They escaped in safety, but after a time they missed the money and could not find it about their persons anywhere. No one knew what had become of it. They searched along their entire

route of flight, but could not find it. If they had dropped it, somebody had seen and and picked it up. They hunted and hunted for it in vain and never learned how they lost it or who had it.

Mrs. Riggs was not the only brave woman that awful day. There were probably a number of whose deeds I did not hear, but there were two more I know of. One was the wife of the Methodist minister, Rev. Fisher. They resided in a one-story brck house on Kentucky street. He was chaplain of a Kansas regiment which was stationed for quite a time in Western Missouri, but was temporarily at home at the time of the raid. He was specially hated by the guerrillas because of his activity in caring for negroes who had escaped and appealed to his regiment for help.

Many negroes had fled from their masters when his regiment was in Mssouri and taken refuge in the camp. When the camp moved, it was a problem what to do with the refugees. They could not abandon them to their feat, nor could they take them along as compfollowers. So the colonel turned them over to the chaplain. He finally decided to lead a large band of them into Kansas, an act which singled him out for vengeance. He did this a number of times. I remember at one time seeing a long line of negroes entering Lawrence, some on foot, some in carriages or wagons

drawn by mules and some riding mules. This was one of Fisher's caravans. This fact of Lawrence being made a city of refuge for escaping slaves helped to embitter the Missouri slaveholders against the city and explains in part the raid and its savagery. Rev. Fisher was a special center of their desire for revenge. Orders had ben given to kill him and under no circumstances to permit him to escape.

Raiders made direct for his house and he had no opportunity to escape from it. Mrs. Fisher, as Mrs. Riggs had done, took command of the situation. She raised the carpet, under which was a trap door which gave access to a little cellar, called in those days the "potato hole." Into this he descended and the carpet was put in place again. There was no outside door and no means of egress save by the trap door. When raiders entered the house and demanded her husband, Mrs. Fisher, in a perfectly calm and polite way, told them her husband was not at home but had made his escape, and if they had any doubt they were welcome to search the house.

They said the house had been watched all night and they knew Mr. Fisher had been at home in the evening and could not have gone away. They made a thorough search of all the rooms, but knew nothing of the potato hole. Then they told her they were going to burn the house. She asked for time in which

to remove the furniture and her effects, which they granted. In this considerate treatment of her they showed themselves to be less brutal and bloody than those who had ordered them to kill her husband. She got some assistance from neighbors and removed her furniture and goods into the yard at a safe distance from the house should it be burned. The men waited for her to complete the work and even helped her with the heavy piano.

All this time Mrs. Fisher did not dare show any signs of alarm or excitement, but her brain was busy with planning what to do if the house were set on fire, because it would mean her husband's death. So, on pretense of saving the carpet she rolled it up into a pile and let it rest on the trap door, at the same time communicating with her husband and telling him to get under the carpet and wrap himself in it. She then asked another woman of the family to help her drag out the carpet. In that way they dragged the carpet into the street, even taking hold of one of Mr. Fisher's hands in order to get a better grip. Here was the crisis. It seemed almost impossible to get the carpet out of the house and to the stack of furniture without the man in it being seen by one of the waiting outlaws, but they were apparently unsuspicious and not watching closely. When Mr. Fisher's carpet-enwrapped body was lifted and thrown upon

the furniture, Mrs. Fisher coolly told the bandits that she could save nothing more and thanked them for their courtesy to her. In this she showed great wisdom by not arousing either anger or suspicion.

They then set fire to the house and guarded all possible exits, to make sure their intended victim did not escape. When the roof fell in and only the brick walls were standing they were convinced that he had either escaped or was dead and mounted their horses and rode away. This is all vivid in my mind after more than three score years. She was a brave woman and a great general. I have often thought about the question of whether or not it is right to lie under such circumstances as this woman both spoke and acted a lie to save the life of her husband. It would be a strict inrtepreter of the principal that the truth must be spoken at all times and under all circumstances who could condemn this valiant woman for the falsehood by which she saved the life of her husband.

The third brave woman of that memorable day whose acts came to my knowledge was Mrs. F. W. Read. Mr Read owned a dry-goods store on Massachusetts street and lived in a home nearby. Mrs. Read helped her husband in the store and could nearly always be found behind the counter. She was always left in sole charge when Mr. Read went East to buy goods or was temporarily out of the

city. She was known as a good business woman and fine executive. They were both at home that dreadful morning and were aroused by the noise and commotion. They could hear the guns and from their window could see the houses and stores beginning to burn.

What to do they tried to decide, but could not. At any moment a gang of murderers might come and kill one or both of them. Mrs. Read knew escape from the house was impossible and believing that her life would be spared if she were alone, she persuaded her husband to go up stairs and get into a large drygoods box, while she remained to face the marauders. The box was partially full of rags and remnants. Mr. Read crawled in and she covered him with these. In a few moments men arrived and demanded to know where her husband was. Like Mrs. Fisher, she calmnly and with the appearance of truth told them he had escaped. Not believing her, they searched the house, but neglected to look under the rags in the large box.

Then they informed her that the house was to be burned. She pleaded with them in tears to spare her home, but they were obdurate. Setting fire to the house and waiting to be sure the blaze was well started, they left to continue their work elsewhere. Mrs. Read then ran to the well in the yard and began to pump water with all her might into a

bucket and throw it upon the fire. She succeeded in checking the blaze, and just then the villains returned and told her they would make a fire she could not extinguish. Again she pleaded for her home, but they were relentless. Making a great pile of furniture in the front room, they set the pile on fire and watched until the smoke belched from the windows. Then they left again.

A second time Mrs. Read fought the fire with desperation and a neighbor woman came to help her. One pumped the water and the other threw it on the blazing pile of furniture. Just as they were about to fall from complete exhaustion the flames were conquered and the house saved, and her husband's life saved from destruction in the burning house, for all this time he was compelled to remain concealed in the box up stairs. Again the raiders returned, angry that she had a second time thwarted their purpose of destroying the house and its owner if he were concealed in it. They told her they would see that she did not put out the next fire they intended to start. They broke chairs, bedsteads and tables into pieces and piled them on the floor.

By this time she had become enraged and desperate. She gave them a terrific tongue lashing, calling them all sorts of names, thieves, robbers, murderers, and flew at them, knocking matches out of their hands and

scattering the pile of broken furniture, but they held her back and again started a blaze, and remained to prevent her from trying to put it out until they were satisfied it was beyond her control. They left, sure that the house was doomed. A third time she attacked the blaze with desperation, aided by her friend. The harder the fire burned the more fierce were her energy and efforts and her determination to save her husband's life. Few men could have done what she did, but few men can realize the urge that was in her. Again she conquered the blaze, and the men returnd no more, the whole band having fled in haete from the city. Then she went up stairs and took her husband from the box, his life literally bought by the price of her courage and desperation and her well spoken and acted falsehood. I visited the house that afternoon and saw all the effects of the three fires and heard the story from Mrs. Read's own lips. They established another store and lived respected citizens of Lawrence for many years.

The legislature passed a law for the relief of the losers in the raid, as well as for a similar raid that had occurred at Olathe, in Johnson County. This act provided issuance of a state bond for $1,500 to every person who had lost that amount or more, but nothing in excess of that sum. All losses below that maximum were allowed in full. Many re-

ceived a bond for $1,500, but others less, all the way down to $100. These bonds bore four percent interest, payable at the office of the state treasurer annually. It did not appear to me that this act was properly drawn, so as to make the bonds salable by being in demand. They should have had the interest payable semiannually in New York and be issued in regular denominations of $100, $500 or $1,000. I did not think the bonds could easily be sold. At that time I had charge of the Merchants National Bank as president.

Not believing the bonds were in good bankable shape I did not take much interest in them at first. One day Mr. Reed, a merchant, came into my office and said he was going to buy these bonds for a bank in Topeka, which had agreed to pay him 80 cents, the price established by the Topeka banks. I reconsidered the subject and decided that I also would buy them through the Mercants Bank, and in that way accommodate the people. I at once laid the matter before my board of directors, and made an agreement with them, that the bank would advance me the money for such use and assist me in any way it could. In return I agreed that out of the profits I could make, I would pay over to the bank $4,000 to pay the coming semi-annual dividend.

I then went to work in earnest to buy all I could and sell them for as much as I could

get. I soon made an agreement with a broker in New York to take all the bonds I could deliver to him at 98 cents on the dollar. I was surprised at being able to get this price under the conditions above described, but it worked successfully. A broker from Olathe came to me one day with $25,000 of them, which had been issued there, and said he had understood that I was paying 80 cents for them and wanted me to take the whole amount at that price. This I did and paid the money for them. I sent them to New York and received the agreed price.

Thus I made a success in handling this odd issue of bonds and turned over to the bank the $4,000 agreed upon and had enough left for myself to make up for all I had lost in the Quantrell raid. I think I purchased nearly all the entire issue. Others were buying them and paying the same as I, but did not handle many. Why they did not I do not know. Even Mr. Reed, who told me he was going to buy for a Topeka bank, came in and sold me his bond for $1,500 at 80 cents, and said he had not been able to buy any for the Topeka bank and had abandoned the effort.

Throughout the years I have often thought of the incidents of this raid in connection with the subterfuges and absolute lies told by Mrs. Fisher and Mrs. Read in their efforts to save the lives of their husbands, and have

speculated as to the degree of wrong involved under the obligation that rests upon Christians to tell the truth at all times. No reasonable man, be he Christian or not, would expect them to tell the truth and thus sacrifice the lives of their husbands. To me it seems that no living person who loves justice and righteousness would condemn those good ladies for their untruthfulness in such a cause and such an emergency, especially since it was the lives of others they were saving instead of their own.

In the latter part of October, 1927, while I was returning home from a visit to Washington, D. C., I met in a Pullman car Dr. Alfred Acton, literary editor of the Swedenborg Scientific Association, of Bryn Athyn, Pa. We became pleasantly acquainted and he gave me his card and asked me to write him. A little later he sent me two of the association's publications, "Heaven and Hell" and "The Divine Providence." There seemed to be some inconsistency in them as to what they said about "the truth." So I wrote him, detailing the incident of Mrs. Fisher, and asked him for his opinion as to the moral wrong involved, if any. His answer is interesting:

"When you speak of Mrs. Fisher's conduct, that it would be defended by every Christian, you have really answered your own question, for no Christian, and still less

"every" Christian, would defend a lie. Mrs. Fisher acted from love, and her love was to save her husband. This love is a good and heavenly love and cannot dictate anything but truth, according to the education of the mind into which it flows.

"The love in this case willed the best, the truest, the wisest course to save her husband from the hands of cruel men; and the best and wisest means seem to be those which Mrs. Fisher actually adopted. She said that her husband was not in the house. Literally, of course, this was not not true, but it was the love dictating to her that he was not there to be delivered into the hands of would-be murderers. Consider what her conduct would have been had she hated her husband, in which case she would have delivered him into the hands of his enemies and so would have told the literal truth that he was there. Such truth, however, in itself would have been a lie, for, while assuming to love her husband, this love, while expressing itself in a literal truth, would spiritually have uttered a lie, namely, would have uttered the means by which her husband would have been killed.

"In a sense, there is a truth in the saying that the end justifies the means, for where the end is good it can not dictate injury to the neighbor. The Jesuitical perversion of this saying is shocking to mankind, but this is

because their end was not really the glory of God, but the establishment of their own power. Moreover, this end also dictated the means whereby his would-be murderers were saved from a shocking crime; so it dictated what in reality was good will to the neighbor.

"What is a lie? What is meant by the Lord's words that we shall not bear false witness? It is manifest that the spiritual meaning is, that man shall not by a lie bring evil upon his neighbor. This, then, is the reason why every Christian, from common sense, would at once defend Mrs. Fisher's action. She uttered no lie in reality, for she willed no evil to those men. Nay, rather she willed them good and she willed also good to her husband. Therefore, what conjugal love dictated was good, and this good clothed itself in the means by which it could come into effect.

"You see, therefore, that love can dictate nothing but the truth, nothing but the true means by which its ends can be effected, nothing but the means by which good can be brought to the neighbor and that neighbor be saved from injury; and this, as I have pointed out above, is very apparent in Mrs. Fisher's case. One final word. When we think concerning subjects we ought to think from interior principles and truths rather than from external appearances. In the present case,

let us establish clearly in our minds, that where there is given actual love, it can dictate nothing but good to others, and consequently can dictate nothing but the course by which that good can be effected. On the other hand, where there is hatred, it can not dictate anything but the means by which evil may be brought upon others, even though the means by which this is said to be effected may seem to be good."

All this I found very interesting, although it reaches the same conclusion by a somewhat metaphysical argument, that I had prviously reached by plain common sense and Christian impulse, that it is always right to defend the good and combat evil by means that do harm to nobody, even if they would be wrong if used to promote wrong or selfish ends and wrought injury to somebody. His argument, that Mrs. Fisher not only saved the life of her husband by her lie, but saved the men themselves from committing murder and thus did good to them as well as to her husband, appeals to me strongly. Surely the spirit of untruth and evil was absent from her act.

CHAPTER XI.

A NEW START IN LIFE

I have already told about the day of the Quantrell raid, in which my store, my home, and my carriage were all burned and my horses stolen. I had nothing left of all my former possessions, but my wife and child, a pony belonging to Mrs. Griffith, the clothes on our backs and $10 I had saved from the cash drawer when the guerrillas looted the store. The son of my partner, Marsell, opened to us his father's house, which escaped destruction and we stayed one night at the home of Judge Thacher. In a few days we rented a house for a new home. Then a new start in business was necessary.

A day or two after the raid I was contemplating the ruins of the store and wondering what I should do, when George Ford, another merchant who had been burned out, came along and said to me:

"Griffith, you see that old vacant store down the street? Go and rent it before somebody else gets it and start your store again."

"Why, Mr. Ford, what do you mean?" I

exclaimed. "I can not start a store. I am destitute. I have nothing!"

"Yes you can. Don't give up. You will get help. Don't fail to do as I advise."

Just as a son would obey his father without knowing why, I went and rented the store without being able to tell what I was going to do with it. I realized, however, that store room would be scarce and somebody would want it even if I could not use it.

The raiders had taken all the good horses they could find and had left their wornout ones behind. These were gathered up by a committee, sold and the money distributed to those whose horses were stolen. I got $15 of this fund. With my cash, $10, and what I sold the pony and some of the burned carriage for, I had the large capital of $50.00. But that was not all. A few days before the raid a man came into the store and told me that he owed Nathaniel Ames, of Franklin County, $500.00. He said Mr. Ames would be there in a few days and left the money with me to pay him. I put it in the safe and the outlaws took it. I gave the man a receipt for it and credited it to Mr. Ames on our books.

When Mr. Ames heard of our misfortune he came to Lawrence to see me. He said nothing about this money, but I brought up the subject and told him I did not know how I was going to pay him. He replied:

"Don't mention it. I did not intend to do so. I am not worried about that. I know I will get it. They can't keep you down. I have more money and you can have it if you need it."

I told him I had no place to live and if I had a little money I could buy a place as under present conditions many places were for sale cheap. He pulled $400.00 out of his pocket and said:

"There, take this. It is all I have now."

He did not take a scrap of paper, only my word. I used the money with which to buy a new home, and thus it was that I was again established in a home and with prospects of a good business, all from nothing.

Before Mr. Ames came to see me I had already started to get a new store to going. I began to dig into the debris of my burned store to see what I could find that was salable. I found chains and other things that could not be burned. There had been 100 kegs of nails. The kegs had burned and the nails scattered among the ashes. These I raked up and sifted out, selling them at half price. Other things brought various prices. Axes, although damaged by fire, I sold at 50c which had formerly sold for $1.50. In that way I salvaged quite a little. There were some new goods that had just arrived and had not been put into the store when it

burned, and these gave us a nucleus of a stock.

I went to Leavenworth, then the wholesale headquarters for Knasas, and bought on credit such goods as we needed. Soon after that a merchant from St. Louis came to the store and sold me $4,000 to $5,000 of iron and steel on four months' time. In a short time we had quite a stock of hardware and were doing quite a good business. Mr. Marsell, my partner, sold out his interest with me to C. E. Duncan, and I took him into partnership. His experiences in the raid I have related.

We had trade for many miles around. Sometimes covered wagons came in from 40 miles distant and camped in the rear of the store. Their owners would come into the store and make our acquaintance and tell us what district they were from and would buy an outfit for starting a new home, often as much as $200. We often sold as much as $500 a day. Our business flourished. The period immediately following the war was one of prosperity and a great many families from other states settled in Kansas.

Mr. Duncan built a pretentious home with 10 to 12 rooms. I also built a new home. I bought 14 acres adjoining the city on the south and built a fine 12-room house, where we lived for many years. We had an acre of cherry trees, several acres of peaches and apples, and flower gardens and a vegetable

garden. Everybody said we had an ideal home. My father-in-law came from Pennsylvania to visit us, and I enjoyed entertaining him far better than I know he did entertaining me when we visited him the year after we settled in Kansas. He never apologized for opposing my marriage with his daughter so bitterly, but he seemed to be perfectly reconciled to me and I have no doubt that he came to the conclusion that it was all for the best.

His younger daughter married a man of their locality and he was perfectly willing. They came out to visit us and remained some time, looking for a place to build a home. He appeared more and more surprised as he comprehended that we had come to the front. As we sat on the fence one day talking, this young husband said:

"If you can accomplish as much as you have done, on nothing, what can I do with my $10,000?"

That was the sum his father had given him. The answer that came to my mind was:

"You can spend it," but I did not put it into words. That was exactly what he did with it. He soon lost all he had and returned to Pennsylvania destitute.

We did a good business for a number of years. Hard times came on in 1870 and I decided to get out of the mercantile business. I

offered to sell to my partner. Mr. Duncan said we must first pay our debts, to which I gave hearty assent. However, the times were hard and he was not able to discharge all the firm's obligations, went into bankruptcy and I received practically nothing.

I left the store and went into the mortgage and loan business. This started in an almost unintentional way. A man in Connecticut, from whom we had bought some goods, told me that he had some money he would like to invest in a mortgage and asked me to find a good risk. I did so and the borrower paid me a commission.

There was at that time a far greater demand for money by farmers and business men than the banks could supply, and farmers found it hard to get loans on their property. This situation was what decided me to go into the business. I had been appointed cashier of the Second National Bank, but did not accept and devoted my energy to building up a loan business. I knew that to be successful I must establish a reputation that the loans I made were good and safe to depend on. So I carefully looked after the prompt payment of principal and interest on all such loans. A farmer who borrows money on a mortgage can not always meet his payments when due, although he and the loan may be perfectly good. So I let no interest become overdue, but always made some ar-

rangement for its payment to the holder of the mortgage. This policy brought success for the business and satisfaction for myself. I made loans for three and five years, with separate notes for principal and interest. When the interest notes fell due, if they were not paid I paid them myself and held the notes at interest as a personal investment.

Under this policy of practically guaranteeing all my loans my business continued to grow and develop and became quite profitable. I made the acquaintance of business men with capital and my method of doing business gave them confidence in me. As an illustration: I was given $7,500 to loan for a man in Spencer, Mass. Later, while in the east on a business trip, I stopped off to see him. I registered at the hotel and went out to look him up. When I found him he expressed his pleasure and insisted that I should go to his house and stay over night. I told him I was already settled at the hotel and did not wish to put him to the trouble to entertain me, but he said:

"I want to see you and talk to you and I do not want to go to the hotel to do it. Come on. I will send to the hotel for your valise."

When we sat down in his home to talk he said in substance, that the business I had done for him was far more satisfactory and successful than he had been able to transact for himself. In conclusion he said he had

$40,000 a year to invest and he wanted to put it all into mortgages and all he wanted was 6 per cent, and that in future I would get most of his business, which I did.

One day I received a letter from him in which he said in part:

"You have invested for me $100,000. I have concluded that to be enough eggs to place in one basket and I shall not send you any more, but you can continue to manage and reinvest what you now have as it is collcted."

Sometime later I organized the Merchant's National Bank of Lawrence and became its president. I wrote this man asking him to take $5,000 of the stock, which he readily did.

There is an aftermath to this story. After I had resigned from the bank and come to California to live, the president of the bank, while on a visit to Los Angeles, told me that he was buying up all of the bank stock held by nonresidents, but was unable to get $5,000 of it held by a man named Myrick in Los Angeles. He said this was original stock bought when the bank was organized by a man of that name in Massachusetts, who had made a present of it to the present owner, a nephew. He asked me to buy it for him at $180.00 a share. I agreed to do so and looked up the owner. When I told him what I wanted he refused to sell, saying that it was a pres-

ent to him from his uncle and he would not sell it at any price, that it was a good investment and he would not part with it.

The rate of interest in those days was usually 12 percent. That was the rate charged by the banks, but more than that was often charged on real estate loans. The Lawrence Savings Bank made some real estate loans at 12 percent per annum to run three years and sold them in Connecticut, where the president of the bank had been acquainted. Later on I did a large amount of business with a bank at West Winsted, Connecticut.

One day I received by mail from the bank a mortgage for $2,000, to run three years at 12 percent. The time had expired and no interest had been paid. I was directed to collect it if I could and if not to foreclose the mortgage. I went to see the property and the mortgage. I found the farm on which the mortgage was secured a very poor one and not good security for the debt. The owner said to me that he could not pay it, but would make a deed and save the mortgagee the expense of foreclosure, which I concluded was the best thing for all parties. I told him I would accept his proposition and as soon as I could have the title examined I would make out a deed for him to execute, cancel the mortgage and release him from the debt.

After we had agreed, he said to me:

"Twelve percent interest is too much for a farmer to pay. It ruined me and caused me to lose my property."

He was unsparing in his denunciation of "capitalists" and how they imposed on the honest farmer and took away his property. Now as I knew he had obtained $2,000 of money from an industrious, hard working and saving man in Connecticut, and had never paid him one cent of interest during the entire three years he had had his money, I could not see the justice of his words or his action.

I made no reply, but I asked him how much interest he thought the capitalist, as he called the mortgaee, should have for money loaned and he replied:

"Seven percent, should be enough and if a farmer could get money at that rate he could afford to borrow and do well."

I could not understand. If he was correct, then why did he not make money and do well when he had had $2,000 for three years without so much as one cent of interest. I said to him: "If you will pay up your taxes on this land, I will renew your mortgage for five years at seven percent interest and cancel the old mortgage and all interest due on it."

He expressed great surprise that I would do that, and replied that of course he would

do it and could not ask for anything better. I told him I would have the title examined and make out new papers for him to execute if I found the title clear, cancel the old mortgage and call on him to execute the new papers, and I left him. On examination I found of record a second mortgage for $150 and delinquent taxes, then amounting to about $150 more. I called upon him to settle these liens, but he could not or did not do it, and I was compelled to foreclose his mortgage and pay costs for attorney's fees, taxes and court costs, and let him continue his complaint against the capitalist. This is a correct account of the way some people complain against the man who has lived industriously and saved his money.

Another farmer came to me from the south part of the county and asked a loan of $1,000 on his farm, with which I was well acquainted. I knew its value and considered it perfectly safe. After the papers were executed and the money paid him, he told me that he was discouraged, and feared that farming in Kansas was going to prove a failure. He gave me a long explanation of the conditions which afflicted the farmer, but said he was going to keep on trying. He paid his interest on the loan promptly, as I knew he would. In about two years, he came back to visit me and advised me he was ready to pay off his mortgage, that he

had been successful the last two years and was once more out of debt, with good and satisfactory prospects. He said he had changed his methods, and had learned that most of his bad luck was his own fault, but that he now understood facts much better, and was pursuing a different policy, which was bringing to him success. I remember well his last few words, that he now considered his last few years prior to the loan he had made, which had seemed so unfortunate to him, had really been the most fortunate years of his life, for the reason that the losses and failure which he had suffered had taught him a great lesson, and that this lesson was going to lead him to a successful life.

How frequently that same thing happens. I could give many illustrations of the great successes which had foundation in a failure. Many successful men can look back in their old age and feel thankful for some disaster that led them to change their methods and pursue a different course, which led to success and happiness.

One day I had an application for a loan of nearly $50,000 on farms in Dickinson County, Kansas. At that time I had a business partner and we were loaning money on real estate for a bank in Connecticut. We went to examine the farms offered as security for the loans, and we found a fine country, with good improved farms, occupied by Ger-

mans, who were all members of the Lutheran Church. We found them a prosperous, fine people, who had emigrated from Europe in a body and had settled together. They had their church building and a regular pastor, whom they consulted and supported. We learned of the facts which made it necessary for them to borrow money. Some man who claimed to understand the insurance business and was intimately acquainted with their pastor, had explained to him how profitable the insurance business was. The law required that an insurance company must deposit $100,000 of approved securities with the State Auditor before it could obtain a license from the state to operate.

It was planned by this gentleman and the pastor to organize an insurance company and get his members to put up mortgages to the extent of $100,000 and become stockholders of the company, the dividends from the company to be paid to the stockholders who had put up the mortgages, without any cost or real money investment. That was explained as the method pursued by many capitalists.

The insurance company was organized. The mortgages were made and deposited with the State Auditor and a license was granted to the new company, which opened up for business with glowing prospects and great expectations of big profits for the

stockholders. Everything went lovely for a time, but some unfortunate fires occurred, bringing large losses, which the new company could not meet. The state levied an assessment of I think $50,000 on the stockholders, which they could not pay, without borrowing money. This they could not do, without borrowing it on their farms, which had already been mortgaged for a license to do business. The only thing they could do, was to disband the company and close up business, which they were doing and were going to use the proceeds of the mortgages which we were were making for that purpose They were going out of the insurance business and were borrowing money to meet their losses.

We all met in the school house, to draw up and execute the new mortgages, men, women and children. It was very interesting to listen to the women talk. Some of them said "I told you so." It took us all day to compile and have their mortgages executed and I shall never forget that interesting day. We deposited the money for them with the State Auditor and never had trouble to get the money as it became due on the mortgages. This was a lesson to these honorable and well meaning people. It taught them the importance of keeping clear of business about which they had no experience or knowledge.

At one time I was requested to go down to

Neosho County, Kansas, to make loans on real estate amounting to $30,000 or $40,000. When I looked over the applications for these loans, I found the following facts: The farmers in certain localities in Neosho County had organized a Grange. They were anxious to take some action to aid them to make more money than they had been able to make. They decided to purchase a flour mill, which had been established in that locality and thus enable them to obtain a fair share of the profits of business connected with their own production of wheat, which profits others were enjoying. They had already purchased the mill and appointed two men to manage it. They had given a mortgage on the mill and were to pay so much cash down, which they were obtaining by the mortgages applied for.

I found them all good, enterprising men and the loan applications were all approved by me, except one man, who applied for $1500 on his farm, which I reduced to $1200. The next day when he came in to execute the papers he protested and asked me to reconsider and make his loan $1500. He said he considered that his farm ought "to draw more money." He said he wanted more stock in the mill. I replied to him that some day he was likely to thank me for reducing the amount, whereupon he replied with some earnestness:

"What? do you think it is not a good in-

vestment? We are already clearing $50 per day profits, and it is fai rto us farmers to have an oppotrunity to make some money."

I replied: "I do not know whether or not it is a good investment and I do not believe you know. You and I are not millers and we do not know how to manage that kind of business and make a success. Therefore, I regard it as a dangerous enterprise for the farmer to engage in."

He executed the note and mortgage for $1200 and that is the last I heard of this new enterprise of the farmers until one day I was at the hotel in Wyandotte, now known as Kansas City, Kansas, sitting on the porch, when a well known attorney came and sat down by me and told me a story about a trip he had just made to Neosho County to aid a farmer, who was about to lose his team and farm implements on a chattle mortgage, which he had given for money to buy stock in a mill, which the organized farmers had bought about two years before.

It was the same farmer with whom I had the conversation above referred to. He had given a chattle mortgage on his teams, etc., for the additional stock he wanted and which I had refused to include in his loan. The lawyer told me the mill had been mismanaged by the men elected by the Grange to operate it and the mortgages given for

part of the purchase money had been foreclosed and the property lost. The farmers had lost the mill, carrying with it the loss included in all the mortgages which I had made on that occasion. The farmer to whom I had loaned $1200 and who had also mortgaged his teams, was left in a very bad condition. I have not seen him since that day, but there is no doubt that he remembered all his life what I had said to him about going so heavily into an enterprise about which he had so little knowledge. It was a good enterprise, without doubt, but it required good and wise management, which the owners were not competent to give it.

In all my experience through a long and busy life I have always found inexperienced men to want to employ friends to manage a business settlement, like an estate, instead of a strict, careful and safe business man. I saw this in my experience in my early life as Clerk of the Probate Court. A widow nearly always selects her best friend to wind up her husband's estate, with little regard to his ability to protect her real interests. A great many people make similar mistakes.

CHAPTER XII

KANSAS RAILROAD BONDS

The great railroad systems of the United States had their beginning in a multitude of small roads, some of them "running from nowhere to nowhere," as was often said. Public roads were very bad in the great Middle West and getting crops to market was a slow and expensive matter. The rivers were the first transportation systems, and farmers living any distance from navigable streams received very little net profit on their crops because of the time and expense of hauling them to a shipping point.

To meet this situation short rail roads were built here and there. These were later combined into longer ones and these again into connected systems, with branch feeder lines, until the present railroad situation was brought about. This consolidating process is still at work, with the present accepted goal of 10 to 12 huge railway systems serving the whole country, with 10,000 to 20,000 miles in each.

It was this small and scattered beginning of our present tremendous railroad mileage that created a financial situation in the re-

gion from the Allegheny Mountains to the Rocky Mountains, which caused a lot of trouble for a number of years. It was a phase of the pioneer life of the Middle West which probably is not much understood today except by those living at that time, an era in the development of that region. I was somewhat active for several years in promoting settlement of the financial difficulties of this period of our pioneer history.

These initial small roads of which I have spoken were usually built by men of insufficient capital. Now when a large railway system wants to build a branch line or feeder or connecting line it uses its surplus funds or issues new bonds and the work is financed. In the pioneer days there was nothing of that sort. Railroad promoters were often a group of local men intent on building a purely local outlet. Other groups were men of small capital who depended upon local aid from the region through which their lines were to run. This aid usually came in the form of county, township, or municipal bonds. Communities anxious to get connected with markets were easily persuaded to give a bonus to the companies supplying them. This bonus usually took the form of bonds maturing in 20 to 30 years at a good rate of interest, which bonds were issued to the road builders usually upon condition of construction of a given number

of miles of road or to a connection with some other road or point.

It was usually when interest fell due and expected results had not come, that trouble began. Counties and towns overbonded themselves. They were unable to retire the bonds by taxation. Many counties tried to repudiate them. Some compromised by issuing new bonds in place of the old ones, often redeeming the old bonds at as low as 50 percent of their face. There were all sorts of legal complications. Sometimes all necessary legal steps had not been taken when the bonds were issued and they were voided in court.

At times county officials refused to levy taxes for payment of bonds, or refused to obey court orders to issue new bonds or pay old ones, and there was much litigation. Local sentiment behind recalcitrant officials was so strong that courts had difficulty in enforcing their decrees. Even when they sent officials to jail the sheriff did not keep them confined, but let them go on their own recognizance. It was a long and difficult matter to get all these old bond complications straightened out, and as I was in the banking business during much of that period it fell to my lot to have considerable to do with such settlements. I will relate several of such instances in this period of the history of

Kansas, at least such portions of them as included my own activities.

Clinton Township Bonds

One of these bond complications occured in Clinton Township, located in the southwestern portion of Douglas County. It had been settled up with good farms, but there was no railroad with which to get the crops to market at a price that left the farmers a profit. It was 10 to 20 miles to Lawrence and still farther to any other railroad shipping point. It was a severe handicap on the prosperity of that entire region and all its people. A company was organized by a group of men not living there, to build a connecting road between Lawrence and the Santa Fe line some 10 or 15 miles south of Topeka. The promoters planned to finance the construction largely by money raised in the country through which the line ran. A proposition was made to Clinton Township to issue bonds for this purpose and it was favorably voted on at an election.

The bonds were issued and delivered to the company and the road was built. The trains began to run. Taxes were levied for the payment of interest on the bonds and all was satisfactory for a time. Nearly every one of the small roads built in those days, as I have already related, went into bankruptcy and the original stockholders were sold out. In many cases the railroad bonds were un-

paid and bondholders took judgment and got possession of the roads. I think it may safely be said that the original stock in a great majority of the railroads built in the United States prior to 1880, and many since that time, was lost by bankruptcy of the roads and the original stockholders lost what they had put in, except where the stock was issued to promoters.

Such financial trouble arose in connection with this road and the line ceased to operate. Weeds grew over the track of the practically abandoned road. The disappointment of the people was great. Naturally serious opposition to payment of the bonds arose, although the bonds had naturally fallen into the hands of third parties who had taken no part in the original financing and were not responsible for the financial difficulties or the abandonment of operation of the line. Nevertheless, the citizens felt that they had been wronged and their great hopes of adequate transportation were unrealized, and that there was no fault on their part.

The officials quit paying interest on the bonds or levying a tax for that purpose. Bondholders brought suit in the United States Court. W. W. Nevison, leading attorney, was employed to defend the suit. He agreed to make no charge for his services in case he failed to win the case. He lost, and the court gave judgment against the town-

ship and ordered the trustees to levy a tax and make payment on the bonds. This order was not obeyed. They were arrested and brought into court, where they made the best plea they could against the charge of contempt of court, but the court sentenced them to jail. As he did so he said he would put them in the charge of the United States marshal and let him manage their imprisonment. The marshal paroled them on their own recognizance, to report to him when called for, but he never called.

It was the general opinion that the judge did not intend to force the collection of taxes and payment on the bonds, at least not at once. Nevertheless the attorney for the bondholders continued to bring suits and get judgments for payment of interest on the bonds, but none was paid. This situation continued for several years, but it became evident that in the end the township would either have to pay the bonds and interest in full or make some sort of compromise settlement. Finally the township offered to issue new bonds for the old ones at the rate of 50 cents on the dollar for both principal and interest, the new bonds to have interest and $1,000 of principal paid annually.

This proposal was rejected by the bondholders and the situation dragged on and nothing was done. One day one of the township officials came to the bank of which I had

charge and in talking over the difficulties I said to him:

"Give me the address of your bondholders and I will see if I can help you."

"Oh, we can not agree to pay you," he replied.

I told him I had not asked nor expected pay for trying to help them get a settlement. He then gave me the name of the man who represented the bondholders. He lived in Massachusetts. I made a business trip East in a few days, and on my way from New York to Boston I stopped off at this town and called upon the representative of the bondholders. I arranged with him to call a meeting of the bondholders and said that on my way back I would stop over and talk with them. At his request I paid him $1.50 to cover the expense of calling the meeting.

On my return he met me at the train and conducted me to the place where the men and women who owned the bonds were assembled. I was introduced and they all appeared glad to meet somebody who could give them some information about their holdings. I made a speech, in which I said that I was a banker in Lawrence, countyseat of that county, and was not interested as an individual or official in the bond matter, but as an individual citizen I wanted to do what I could to put an end to so unfortunate a situation, to the advantage of both the bondhold-

ers and the people who were obligated to pay for something they did not get.

I went over the whole matter, assuring that the people who owed the debt were good people, struggling to make a home in a new country, with small cash income from their labor, and had suffered great injury by the failure of the railroad to function. But they were honest people, I said, and wanted to pay their debts to their full ability. They were willing to pay 50 cents on the dollar, and I advised the owners to accept the offer, make a settlement and thus divide the loss in the unfortunate transaction with the poor farmers who were legally held for the bonds. I said I would render whatever aid was necessary without any charge whatever.

A spokesman for the owners arose and said that they were glad to meet me and receive a full statement of the whole matter and an explanation of the difficulty in which the people found themselves, a situation that for five years had annoyed the holders of the bonds. They realized that my statement was correct, he said. He finished by saying:

"You say you are a banker in that county. Why don't you take our bonds and give us the money for them?"

I replied that as a representative of the bank I could not use the bank's money without charging a discout, and could not ask the township to allow me a commission as

realized they were losing enough if they paid one-half the amount actually due, which they proposed to do. He replied that they realized that and expected to pay a discount for cash, asking me what amount I would require to take the bonds and pay them the money. I told them I would pay them the bonds in full at 50 cents if they would throw off the accrued interest, which would be the sum I would make. At the same time I advised them not to accept this offer, as it was not necessary for them to lose the interest if they attended to the matter themselves. The spokesman again arose and said:

"Your offer is fair. It is better than I expected, and I accept it." "So do I," came from all over the house. It was unanimous.

I asked them to appoint an agent to collect the bonds and bring them to me the next day at the hotel in New York and get their money. They all came up to thank me and bid me goodbye like old friends. The next day the bonds were delivered and I paid them the money. Their leader then said to me:

"I am keeping a hotel on the ocean front and I ask you to come and be my guest for a week."

I thanked him, but said I was unable to accept, as I must get home.

When I got back to Lawrence I requested the Township Trustees to come and see me. When they had arrived and all sat down, I

took the bonds from the safe, threw them on the table and said:

"Gentlemen, there are the bonds you have been fighting over for five years. Figure up the amount due me at the rate you have offered, and issue to me the new bonds and cancel these old ones. I make no charge whatever. They appeared amazed and astonished that I had been able in 30 days to settle a matter they had been working on for five years without result. They were also very glad, and the whole matter was soon settled.

Douglas County Bonds

The people of Douglas County wanted a line running south from Lawrence. The Leavenworth, Lawrence & Galveston Railroad Co. was organized, and at a popular election the county voted bonds to the amount of $300,000 to help finance its construction for 20 miles south.

The city also voted bonds to help build a new line from Lawrence to connect with the Missouri Pacific. It was expected that this line would become a part of the Missouri Pacific system and that the road would make Lawrence its terminus and headquarters. Both of these sets of bonds were issued and sold. There were great expectations that Lawrence would become a great railroad center. There was a boom in real estate.

The disappointment was great when these

expectations were not realized. The Missouri Pacific failed to use the line to Lawrence and made Kansas City its headquarters. That made the new road from Lawrence practically worthless at that time and it was abandoned. The bonds the city and county issued were a total loss to them. Weeds grew over the track. The boom founded on the great expectations collapsed. The people were discouraged. They not only had lost what they expected in the way of growth and prosperity, but now they owed nearly $1,000,000 for something they had not received. Although the enterprises had been largely of their own initiative, they felt defrauded and a sentiment for repudiation of the debt became strong.

Officials were elected by both county and city who refused to levy taxes to pay interest on the bonds. Suits were brought against the city and county, judgments were obtained and decrees issued to the officials to levy a tax and pay interest, but they would not do it and the courts failed to compel them. This same general state of affairs existed in cities and counties all over the state. Some of them got the railroads they issued bonds for, but even in such cases collecting the bonds was often a long legal process.

The legislature finally undertook relief. It passed a measure providing that whenever a county or muicipality issued what was called

"compromise bonds" in reduction of their legitimate debts, officials must levy a tax for interest and principal in accordance with the terms of the compromise. If they failed to do this, both they and their bondsmen would be held personally liable for the debt.

The bonds issued under this act became popular and saleable and none were ever repudiated so far as I know. I told my friends that I would not run again for the office of County Commissioner—not even if they would pay me $10,000 a year salary. The county elected three farmers as county commissioners, all pledged not to pay the bonded debt without a compromise.

The Board of Trade of the city took action with a view of facilitating a settlement of the bonded debts of the city and county under the compromise laws enacted for that purpose. I had in the meantime become the manager of the Merchants Bank, and the committee from the Board of Trade advised me that the board had passed a resolution urging the Board of Commissioners and City Council to secure the aid of the bankers in obtaining a settlement, and asked what commission I thought the bankers should have for their services. I replied that a commission of 2½ percent was about right and this would pay them for their time and any expense they might incur in seeking a settlement. The committee agreed with me and

went before the county board and so reported.

The county had also issued $125,000 in bonds for another railroad project. All three of the commissioners then came down to the bank to see me. They told me they wanted my assistance, but they never could agree to allow the bank so large an amount as 2½ percent.

"Why," said one of them—"just look what that would amount to! The people would hang us."

I replied to them that no one could take a commission for less than that sum if they expected to meet with success, but I asked them what they were willing to allow. They replied that they thought 1½% enough. I then explained that I would do what I could for a commission of 1½%, but that I could not undertake traveling expenses, that I knew of some bonds that I could get in without much expense and this I would do for 1½% commission. We left it at that, to be settled at 50% of amount due.

During the next month, I sent them in $120,000 bonds. Then I sent them my bill for a commission of 1½%, or $1800. Some of this I had promised to pay to others for assistance. The commissioners then called on me again and said in substance that I had earned $1800 in 30 days, which they could

not think of paying.

"Why," said one, "it would take a farmer more than a year to make that money."

This action in refusing to comply with their agreement surprised and annoyed me, and I replied:

"Give me what you are a mind to and I will quit." As I now remember, they allowed me $400, all of which I had promised to another man for aiding me. So I got nothing for that job, and I also felt released from any obligation to assist them.

Some time after that I concluded to go East and see what I could do in buying up some of the bonds. I succeeded in getting $50,000 bonds and I knew another man who had $50,000. I wrote him a letter and suggested that we unite our bonds and offer the $100,000 at 60 cents. He replied to me that he would do so and authorized me to make the proposition. I knew that he had previously refused the offer of 50 cents. I then started back home, prepared to make the proposition to the county. Getting on the cars at Kansas City on my way home, I met Samuel A. Riggs. He knew that I had been East and the first thing he said to me was about the settlement of our bonded debt. I explained to him that I knew of $100,000 that I could settle at 60 cents.

"Well," said he, "that is good news."

I asked him if he thought they would do it. He replied:

"Of course they will and I will see that they do."

I then and there put the deal in his hands and made no effort myself. He went on the streets with a petition, reciting the proposition and demanding the acceptance by the commissioners. He took his petition and presented it to the board and made a speech and the board then passed a resolution accepting the proposition. The man came on from the East and settled his $50,00 and I settled mine.

After this the commissioners came in to see me and advised me to continue the good work and they would continue to allow me 60 cents. This was quite different from their previous action in refusing to allow me 50 and 1½% commission.

I continued to send them in bonds and getting 60 cents for them until I had settled as much as $250,000.

The $300,000 issued to the L. L. & G. .R R. had been settled at 50 cents, as the holders of this lot had agreed to settle at that rate and take new bonds before the law was passed, and they had sent their bonds in for settlement among the first. I fully understood that other county bonds were nearly all in and had been settled, but I had frequently heard that there was a man in St. Louis who

had $25,000 bonds and interest, which he definitely and emphatically refused to settle. I had heard that he was very resentful and insulting. He had given out that he would never settle, and would make a will in which he would provide that if any of his heirs would offer to accept a settlement they should lose any interest in his estate.

One day, in thinking the matter over, I saw that all the outstanding bonds had been settled except about $30,000, of which this one man held $25,000. I concluded I would make a trip to St. Louis and see if I could settle with this man and make some money. When I got to St. Louis I called on Messrs. Nelson & Noel, a firm of big brokers with whom I had many deals in this class of bonds. I asked Mr. Noel to give me the address of this man I wanted to see, and he did so. He asked:

"You are not going to see him about his bonds are you?"

I replied that I was going to see if I could make a settlement with him and he replied:

"Do not do that Mr. Griffith, he will only insult you."

"Oh, that would not hurt me and I propose to try it," I answered.

I went and when I rang his door bell, the servant met me and took me into the dining room, where he was eating his dinner. I introduced myself as a banker from Lawrence

and told him I had called to talk with him about his bonds.

I told him that I had been opposed to this settlement the county was trying to make, but they had gone so far with it and there had been so much agitation and litigation, that as a business man and a banker in the county I was anxious to get it finished and adjusted. I said that I did not ask him to make the settlement the county was trying to make, but if he would name a price in cash that he would accept, I might pay him the money for his bonds.

He replied, that I was the only sensible man he had met with reference to these bonds, and that he would consider what I had said and would write me a letter in a few days, telling me just what he would do.

I then left him, to wait the receipt of his letter. I believed that I had made a success, and waited patiently to get the letter, which came in due time, saying that he would accept $18,750 for his $25,000 and interest, if paid within 10 days. I forthwith sent a draft for the amount to the Bank of Commerce where I was acquainted, and he delivered the bonds and they were forwarded to me. I put them in my safe and said nothing. I felt that I had accomplished a good work for the county and for myself.

I went before the board and found them

unengaged and I sat down to have a chat with them. I asked them how they were getting along in completing the settlement of the county bonds. They replied that they were most through, but one man in St. Louis with $25,000 and interest had refused to settle, and they could do nothing with him. They gave me a long history of his refusals and insults. I then asked them what they were going to do about it. They replied that there was nothing more they could do, but to pay him in full, which they expected they would have to do.

This was all interesting to me as I had the bonds in my safe. I then asked the commissioners what they would give me if I would buy the bonds of him, which I thought might be done for cash. I said I would see him and buy them for the county, if they would let me know what they would give me. They consulted together and informed me they would allow me 90 cents on principal and interest if I could get that lot of bonds for them. I then felt that I had made another success and went my way and told them no more.

I proceeded to sell these new bonds which I was to get in exchange, amounting to over $30,000 which the bonds would bring if sold at par. I got an offer of $103 for them, which I accepted, and then I went into the office of the commissioners and handed them the old bonds. They were greatly surprised and

at once issued me the new bonds with much satisfaction, and I sent them to Pennsylvania and got my money, realizing a net profit of over $10,000. I then realized that the settlement of the county bonded debt was finished and that I could do nothing more, as there were only two or three thousand outstanding and no one knew where they were. They would have to wait till these few bonds were offered and then settle for them as best they could.

In a few days I had some business with the National Bank and Mr. Hadley, the cashier, said that they had tried to assist the county in settling the bonded debt and had succeeded in getting one $1,000 bond, which they had held, hoping to get more. They did not care to bother with this small amount and as they had understood I had settled large amounts, he asked me if I would take their bond and pay them for it, as I could put it in with others I might have.

I asked him what he wanted for it. He replied he would like to have $750.00 for it if I could afford it. I then drew a check for $750.00 and he gave me the bond. I took it and went straight to the commissioners' office and when I met them, I said:

"Gentlemen, I have found one of the bonds which you told me were still unsettled." They asked me what I wanted for it. I replied that I could settle it for $900 principal and inter-

est, which was considerably less than they had paid me for the last lot.

They replied: "All right," and directed the clerk to write me a check for $900 as they did not care to issue any more bonds. I took the check and returned to my office $150 better off than when I had left it an hour before.

I have given these facts to illustrate how it is easy to make money when you are well acquainted with the facts. Mr. Hadley could have taken that bond to the commissioners and received $1,000 for it if he had understood the situation. He had promised to do all he could, just as I had. He had succeeded in getting in $1,000 and I had secured not less than $300,000. The opportunity was just as much his as it was mine. At this stage my business with the county commissioners in setting up the county debt was over and ended.

Lawrence City Bonds

Allow me to explain what I did also for the city, which had issued $500,000, which they were trying to settle at 50 cents on principal and interest. They offered me 2½ cents commission on the dollar, with which I was satisfied and did all I could. I got in for the city around $150,000, and made no effort to obtain from the city any additional cost, but when the bonds of the county had

been taken up and settled and about $300,000 of the city bonded debt had also been compromised and settled, there still remained the $200,000 bonds which had been bought of the city by Mathew Bolls & Sons, of Boston, sold to Mr. Bolls by Rev. Dr. Tenney.

Dr. Tenney felt much disappointed and aggrieved at the action of the city council in refusing to pay these bonds, as he had a right to be. Dr. Tenney made his position clear, that if the city went into speculation and issued bonds and the plans failed, the city should stand the loss just like a private individual. I agreed with him. He informed the council that it had one man to deal with who was a man of principle and would demand that the city fulfill its contract and stand its own losses.

I had several times met Mr. Bolls in Boston and in talking with anyone he always took that position and refused to consider the settlement offered by the city. He had brought suit against the city and had recovered three judgments for interest, and the U. S. Court had caused the arrest of the members of the city council for contempt of court for not obeying the order of court to pay the judgments. The court had ordered them to jail, but put them in the hands of the U. S. Marshal, who allowed them all to go home on parole. Hence the judgments had amounted to nothing. The court expected

the city to make a settlement, but the months and years went by and no settlement was made. Mr. Bolls still declared that he would not settle and Dr. Tenney supported him in that position. All efforts by the city to compromise this debt of $200,000 utterly failed. Mr. Bolls stood firmly by his original position.

When the county had made a settlement and the city had settled all but this $200,000, I concluded I would make a special effort to make this settlement with Bolls & Sons. I went to Boston without consulting anybody. Arriving at Boston, I went into Mr. Bolls' office, before which stood a big sign: "40 Years In Business." Mr. Bolls greeted me pleasantly and took me in his back room and we had an interesting talk as we always did.

He was an anti-slavery man and also a man of principle. He was always anxious to hear about Kansas. We had talked but a few minutes, when one of his bond holders came in to see him about the Lawrence bonds. I stepped aside and he had a talk with his customer. He told him all about how he had recovered judgment and had done all he could and would continue, still expecting and hoping for success. When his customer left, the opportunity for which I had come all the long journey from Lawrence had arrived. I at once turned to him and said:

"Mr. Bolls, I see that you are very much annoyed with this debt you still hold against

the city of Lawrence. Every time I have called on you the past two or three years, some one has come in to see you about them. Why don't you settle with the city and get relief from this continual annoyance?"

"Mr. Griffith," he replied, "I regard it as a principle, that the city should pay its obligation."

"Mr. Bolls," I answered, "I see no principle in it. As business men you and I both have often met problems that caused trouble and annoyance and difference of opinion. As business men we have to meet them as best we can and if we stand out and refuse all concessions and efforts to compromise, we are apt to fail. Now Mr. Bolls allow me to make a suggestion. You tell your bond holders what you have done to protect their interest so far and have failed to get the money, and then you suggest to them that if they desire to close the matter up at 50 cents on the dollar for principal and interest, you will take their bonds back and pay them in cash and take all chances yourself. Allow me to suggest that every bond holder will accept your proposition with thanks and will continue to be your customer. Then, as soon as you get the bonds all in and under your control as owner, advise me and I will get you 60c on the dollar for principal and interest, which will give you a net profit of over $20,000, which you and I will divide and each make

a profit of $10,000. You will be released of any further trouble or annoyance, and every friend you have will stand by you. There is no violation of principle in such a deal."

Mr. Bolls replied: "Let me consult my sons."

He went into the front office and in about 15 minutes he returned saying:

"Mr. Griffith, we will do that."

Then I told him I would return home, and take no action until I heard from them and thus give them time to collect in and take up all the bonds outstanding. In about 30 days I got a short letter, written by one of the sons, which said:

"All those bonds are in our safe ready for delivery. What is your next move?"

I then wrote a letter for Bolls & Sons to send to the mayor of the city of Lawrence, which set forth that they had bought $200,000 of the city bonds, relying upon the good faith of the city to comply with its contract of making payments, that they had not accepted the 50 cents on the dollar as offered, and never would, but as an old friend of Lawrence, which they had always been, they desired to see the city settle all its obligations and continue to prosper, and they had concluded to make a proposition, that if the city would pay 60 cents on the dollar for principal

and interest they would accept it and close the matter up.

I asked that a letter of that kind be written to the city council. In about 10 days one morning I picked up the morning Lawrence Journal and there I read my letter word for word as I sent it to Bolls & Sons.

I said to myself: "Now it is my turn. I must go to the city and try to get them to accept the proposition," which I believed they would do. No one in Lawrence knew that I had anything to do with it. I walked to the city that morning from my home and when I got to about where the Watkins Bank now stands, I met a man who stopped me and said:

"Did you see in the morning papers that Mathew Bolls & Sons have offered to settle with the city at 60 cents?"

I told him I had seen it, and asked him what he thought the city would do.

He replied: "They will accept it, of course. Everybody will approve it, and be glad to have that bond business settled up. Everybody will favor it."

I then went on and when I got to the old location of the old State Bank, I met another man, who said:

"Griffith, did you see in the morning papers that Mathew Bolls & Sons, of Boston, are going to settle with the city, which is good news?"

To which I replied: "Do you think the city

council will accept the proposition of settlement at 60 cents?"

"Of course they will," he replied. "They would be fools if they did not. The Mayor has already issued a call for a meeting of the city council tonight to accept the proposition. Everybody is in favor of it and glad to see it settled."

I then said to myself: "The settlement is practically finished and there is no occasion for me to do anything. The work is all done, the city debt is all settled up. This deal has saved the city over $100,000 and everybody seems happy over it, but no one knows as yet, that I brought it all about?"

In about 10 days I received the bonds by express and I completed the deal. It then became known that I had made the settlement. I met Dr. Tenney, who had sold the bonds to Mr. Bolls, and he seemed to be displeased and said to me that he was informed that Mr. Bolls had settled with the city. I replied that was correct, he had.

"He is a man of his word, is he not?" he asked sarcastically.

"He is a good and reliable man, always seeking to do right," I answered.

"But he said he would not settle."

I replied that such matters often change and every business man must consider and govern his action by conditions as they ex-

ist at the time. His people who held the bonds wanted a settlement, and it was his duty to comply and meet their desires. I considered he did his duty.

"But," said the doctor, "he said he would not settle. Good day, Mr. Griffith." Dr. Tenney was a fine man.

Some time later I was in Boston and I called at the office of Bolls & Sons. The older son invited me to dine with him at his home and I did so. When we sat down in his home he said:

"Mr. Griffith, we think a great deal of you. We have always found you sincere and truthful in all your statements and your advice good. We have often talked about you in our business."

Of course this was gratifying to me. After dinner he took me riding around the city in his carriage. It was the last time I ever saw any of the firm.

I have thus written my experience resulting in this important settlement not only to show the facts in this business experience, but to illustrate to any young man how things can be accomplished.

One of the county commissioners explained to me one day that J. D. Bowersock, president of the Lawrence National Bank, had requested the county commissioners to call at the bank to see him, which they did. He

asked them why it was they gave all the bond settlement business to Mr. Griffith and why it was he could not have a share, as he was anxious to assist in that important work. The facts are very simple. He had the opportunity, but he did not embrace it. Every success in life is accomplished by work, and that work must be done by intelligent and practical methods. No success can be obtained by using impractical or wrong methods.

CHAPTER XIII.

THIRTY YEARS A BANKER

A season of hard times set in for Lawrence in 1877. Business became greatly depressed and some banks were unable to get through. Although interest rates were high, most banks had much of their deposits out on loans which they were unable to collect, as money was needed. The bank W. H. R. Lykins had conducted successfully for many years, failed and I do not think the creditors, which were chiefly depositors, received anything. The savings bank managed by J. K. Rankin failed. J. D. Bowersock was appointed receiver and settled it up, paying the creditors 12½ percent. The bank of Simpson Brothers, which was one of the oldest in the city, also failed. W. S. Crew, at that time vice-president of the National Bank, was appointed receiver and settled it up and paid depositors 35 cents on the dollar.

The National Bank also came very close to suspending. Its stock fell from $1.50 to 65 cents. At one time its board voted to suspend, but two of the directors were opposed to such action and insisted on continuing the struggle to save the bank and the money of the depositors. After the majority had

voted to suspend, one of the directors closed the front door of the bank, but one of the others opened it again and kept it open. Business improved and the bank was saved.

The State Bank was hard pressed. J. W. Johnson was president and R. G. Jamison cashier. Mr. Johnson resigned and the directors selected me to take his place. I did this very reluctantly and with the sole purpose of saving the bank. In a month I realized that this would be impossible. A large number of time deposit certificates were outstanding. As fast as these matured the holders demanded their money. Nobody had confidence in the security of their deposits. I saw that this drain on the bank's resources would render suspension certain. I called a session of the board and laid the situation before them, and they voted to suspend and to appoint Mr. March as receiver. Before this was accomplished many business men and other friends of the bank, who realized what a blow to business such action would be, insisted that the bank should not go into the hands of a receiver, but that its business should be wound up by its own officials without going into court.

It was proposed that the directors transfer all the assets of the bank to me and Theodore Poehler as trustees for the creditors, with authority to sell everything and divide the proceeds among creditors. This

was done and Theodore Poehler and I took possession. All creditors signed an agreement to accept whatever amount we were able to give. When the matter was taken to Judge Stephens in court he approved the plan as promising much more to the creditors than the usual receivership course.

A large customer and creditor of the bank was J. B. Watkins. He proposed to Mr. Poehler and myself that we three each put up $2,000 and organize a new bank, which would liquidate the State Bank and also serve the community. We organized the Merchants Bank. Mr. Watkins became president and I was made cashier. The bank opened for business in February, 1878, and met with popular favor at once. Its business prospered and there was no dissatisfaction over the way it closed up the affairs of the State Bank.

The creditors of that bank had expected to receive about 50 cents on the dollar, which was more than any of the other closed banks had been able to pay. It was my ambition and firm purpose to realize for the creditors every cent possible on the bank's assets. Both Mr. Watkins and Mr. Poehler left these settlements all to me and gave them no personal attention. Several creditors made me an offer to take 50 cents on the dollar and give me a receipt in full. I declined to do this. I knew human nature well enough to know that should I later be able to pay other credi-

tors 75 cents on the dollar, or any sum substantially higher than that for which they settled, they would accuse me of fraud in spite of the fact that the proposition originally came from them.

I did settle with one man at that rate. He had a certificate for $4,000 and brought suit. Judge Stephens dismissed the suit and advised him to abide by the settlement arranged by the bank. But he was not satisfied. His attorney came to me and offered to settle for $2,000. I immediately wrote him a check. I was surprised that an attorney who was supposed to know the real situation should take such action, but probably his client was anxious to get the matter settled. Having had his case in court and been advised by the judge I felt that he would not be in a position to criticize me and I considered the deal a good thing for the rest of the creditors.

Many liabilities were settled by exchanges. The bank had many pieces of property it had been compelled to take in for unpaid mortgages. It was this fact of dead assets which made the bank unable to continue. When parties offered to buy these properties at a fair price and pay in the bank's certificates of deposit, I accepted the offer. In this way I retired many liabilities and at the same time got value out of the dead assets. I realized that I was going to be able to pay

the bank's debts in full. So I advertised for every creditor of the State Bank to call at the Merchants Bank and get his obligation paid at dollar for dollar.

It gave me great satisfaction to be able to accomplish so fine a result as this and it became a great business asset for me and for the Merchants Bank. I had to advance a small sum myself to make my offer good, but I never in my life did any business that gave me such great satisfaction as this settlement, though I never received a dollar for the very considerable work I did. In the meantime the business of the Merchants Bank was growing and becoming more profitable. As a result I reorganized the bank in November, 1888, into the Merchants National Bank and became its first president.

Later I resigned the presidency of the Merchants National Bank and became general manager of the Western Farm Mortgage Trust Co. I decided that it would be a good move to establish a branch office on the Pacific Coast and selected Seattle for that purpose. That city had been growing very rapidly during the previous 10 years and I believed it was destined to become a large city, one of the largest north of San Francisco. I bought 60 lots there and organized the Seattle National Bank.

I interested in the enterprise L. H. Griffith, an enterprising real estate man doing busi-

ness there, and W. R. Ballard, who was owner of Ballard's Addition to the city. I advised friends in the East of what I was doing and suggested that they take stock in the bank. A number of them did so. I do not remember all their names, but I know that A. G. Brower and J. F. Maynard, both of Utica, N. Y., took $10,000 each. I took $5,000 for myself and a like sum for my wife. The directors elected me president and wanted me to take active charge of the bank's affairs, but I had previously decided to make my future home in Los Angeles. So I accepted the presidency temporarily in order to give the bank a start, but would not accept full management of the business. The last statement of this bank shows resources of $33,589,270.-64. The stock is quoted at nearly 600 percent above par. It is now being consolidated with two other Seattle banks, making total resources of $100,000,000.

The same year I organized the United States National Bank in Portland. I saw that Portland was bound to be a large and prosperous city. I would not stay there and manage the bank any more than I would in Seattle. My mind was fixed on Los Angeles. So I induced Frank C. Miller, of Salina, Kansas, to come out and take the management of the new bank as cashier. He was an experienced and capable man, and with a good board of directors I felt sure he would build

up a prosperous business. The stock of that bank is now quoted at 500 per cent and it ranks among the leading banks of the Pacific Coast.

While I was in Portland I heard much of W. S. Ladd, head of the bank of Ladd & Tilton, who had come to Oregon in early days and become a leading business man and banker. He was typical of the superior type of men who made the pioneer history of Oregon. When I was in Utica, N. Y., getting subscriptions of bank stock, I met a banker there who told me the following story. He said:

"Did you meet my old friend, W. S. Ladd, out there? He went from Utica when he was a young man and located in Portland. At the beginning of his career he wrote me a letter, saying that he wanted a wife and had seen nobody out there whom he desired to marry. He asked me to do him the favor to find some fine young woman who would be willing to go out to Oregon and marry him, as he would be unable to come for her. I showed the letter to a number of friends and we conferred over it, finally agreeing that a certain young lady who was teaching school in Utica would make him a splendid wife if she would accept the offer.

"We called her in for a conference and laid the situation and the offer before her. She said she would consider the matter a few days

and would then give us her decision. She decided to accept. We aided her in every way possible to get ready for the long journey. She took ship at New York and sailed around Cape Horn, traveling alone, and on her arrival in Portland they were married. Mr. Ladd could not have made a better choice."

I learned much about the subsequent history of Mrs. Ladd. She became famous for her fine character and deeds. She was a leading woman in the Presbyterian church, of which her husband was one of the chief supporters, and did much fine Christian and charity work. Mr. Ladd became a man of great wealth and influence and reared a large family, his sons succeeding him in the management of the bank.

Pioneer matrimonial conditions in Oregon were also revealed by an incident I heard related when I was in Pendleton organizing a bank, in the same year I believe. I met many of the old citizens of that locality, which is a great wheat region, and they told me much about the early days. Some of them had gone to Oregon before I went to Kansas.

One of these old pioneers took me out to his farm, which he had obtained from the government when he first settled in that region. He told me an interesting story. He told me of the offer of the government to give every man 320 acres of land if single

and 640 acres if married. A great many young men accepted the offer, and as they wanted the extra 320 acres the demand for wives was very strong. They all claimed that they expected to get married, but an actual wife was necessary to get the land. However, all tried to help these young men and respected their location of 640 acres each, on which they must subsequently make good when they proved up by having a wife.

He said that one young man near him could not find a wife and the time for proving up was almost at hand. He heard that there was a family in which were three girls living some distance away, and just before the expiration of his time he went to their home and explained the situation, asking the youngest of the three to marry him that very day, so that she could file on the reserved 320 acres and get the land. She said she would do so if her mother approved and went out to find her mother and get the desired consent.

She was gone some time and the young man became impatient, fearing he would lose both wife and land. He talked the matter over with the other two girls and one of them said she would marry him. They immediately left and were married by a justice of the peace. When the other girl returned with her mother's consent she found her prospective husband had gone and one of her sis-

ters with him. Incidents more or less like that were common in pioneer days in Oregon, I was told. At one time, I believe, a whole shipload of eligible young women were brought out and all found husbands in a very little while. Those conditions in the history of our country have passed, but the incidents they produced are still very interesting.

These incidents of early times in Oregon remind me of some things that made an impression on me when I was a boy about the movement of people to what was then a practically unknown and very distant wilderness. When in 1848 congress passed the bill creating the territory of Oregon, which also included what is now Washington, it sought to induce emigration thither by making liberal land grants to settlers. As I have already said this was a grant of 320 acres to each, with double that amount to married men.

There was a considerable emigration started in this way, which combined into large wagon trains in order to get along better and have protection against hostile Indians. They gathered at Westport, Mo., on the east bank of the Missouri River and made up their wagon trains. This spot is now a part of Kansas City. Independence was also an assembling and outfitting place. I have talked with many of these early Oregon pioneers and heard their very interesting and often thrilling stories. One of the

songs the emigrants sang about their camps was a variation of "Oh, Susannah" and ran:

Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me.
For I'm going out to Oregon
With my banjo on my knee.

It rained all night the day I left
The weather being dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death.
Oh, Susannah, don't you cry.

They were a hardy and determined lot of men and women, and they carved out of the wilderness two great states for the Union and for freedom. That was 80 years ago and only a very few who went out as children are still living.

In the year 1890, I was in charge of the Merchants National Bank, of Lawrence, Kansas, as its president. I only charged $1500 per annum for my services, as I did not give all my time to the bank. About this time, Judge S. O. Thacher came to me and advised me that the Western Farm Mortgage Co., of Lawrence, was in trouble and had come to him for assistance. I regarded Judge Thacher as one of the ablest attorneys in the state and a man in whom the country had entire confidence. He had been judge of the District Court, when I resided in Franklin County, and I was the clerk of his

court in that county and so I had full confidence in him.

He proposed to reorganize the company and put me in charge of it. I took the matter into consideration and examined the assets of the company in detail and its liabilities and prospects of business. I concluded that the company had assets equal to $500,000, mostly in mortgages which it had been compelled to take over. After full and careful examination we came to the conclusion to organize a new company, to be called The Western Farm Mortgage Trust Company, of $1,000,000 capital, and let the old stockholders have $500,000, of which they were to donate $200,000 of their new stock to the new stockholders, who were going in with them to reorganize the company, consisting of S. O. Thacher, who was to be president, myself, who was to become the head manager, W. A. Ambler, who was to be treasurer, and Geo. J. Barker, a leading attorney, who was to become attorney of the new organization.

Thus $500,000 of the stock of the new company was disposed of, of which the old stockholders of the Western Farm Mortgage Company got $300,000. Mr. V. B. Bull, a banker of Albany, New York, was to be the financial manager of the sales department in the East—the same as he had been with the old company. Thus the new company was

organized and began business with every prospect of great success. We decided to remove our head office to Denver and I resigned my position with the Merchants National Bank and moved to that city. The company continued to prosper and pay 10 percent dividends. All of the capital stock had been sold, mostly at 110 percent, and everything looked prosperous.

Our expectations were great, but in two or three years business began to look discouraging to me. The mortgaged land which we had taken over would not sell, but continued to decline in value. In considering the situation and the continued decline in real estate values I decided that the real estate which we had accepted was not worth the amount for which we had obtained credit, and therefore we had not done justice to the new stockholders who had paid cash. I explained this view to Judge Thacher, the president, and told him I was not satisfied with the situation, and suggested to him that the $500,000 which we had allowed on account of the assets of the old company should be reduced to $300,000, and $200,000 of it returned to the treasury.

After fully discussing the matter with me, he coincided with my view. He called a meeting of all interested parties and laid the matter before them, and asked all the holders of the $500,000 stock to return to the

treasury $200,000, or 40 percent of their holdings. All agreed to this proposition except L. H. Perkins, leader of the old company and secretary of the new, who fought it bitterly and declared that if such facts as I had stated were revealed to Mr. Bull, our financial manager, he would refuse any further connection with the company, which would lead to our ruin, instead of our betterment. We overruled him and all parties surrendered their share of the 40 percent and returned to the treasury $200,000 of the stock.

I wired Mr. Bull to meet me in Chicago for consultation. He did so and after going to our room in the hotel and talking it all over, Mr. Bull agreed with me and gave me congratulations for wise management, and said he would co-operate in every possible way to advance the interests of the company and would sell the $200,000 stock surrendered in a short time at 110. He told me that he was never better satisfied with the company than he was now after going over all the facts with me and would do all that he could and would report in 30 days on the sale of the stock. I returned home and made my report to the directors. Mr. Perkins expressed his surprise as he had stated that it could not be done and that he had looked for unfortunate results from my mission to Chicago.

We continued to push the business and

hoped and expected soon to realize a change for the better. We all felt confident now that we could continue to prosper, although times seemed dull and the demand for new mortgages continued to decline and no market for our real estate had yet arrived as we had expected.

I went East and met an old acquaintance, who was a prominent broker and a successful man. He had just returned from Europe. He took me into his confidence and advised me that he considered we were just entering upon a great reaction which would bring serious results and that he was doing everything possible to prepare for the storm, which he and the financiers he had met in Europe anticipated. He advised me in confidence to cease creating liabilities and be prepared to weather the storm. I wrote to our office and gave them my views and the necessity of economy and a limit to all liabilities and get ready for the financial crisis which had been threatening for past years and I feared would soon be upon us.

The company had bought some land in the suburbs of Salt Lake City, and had laid it out in lots, upon which we were building and selling new homes. I advised that this be stopped at once and to do everything possible to get ready to endure a hard financial pressure. My letter was read, but practically ignored. Some of the directors exclaimed

"What's the matter with Griffith?" I soon went to the office and stopped all new business.

After about the first year or two of reorganization, Judge Thacher had sold his stock for cash and resigned as president and took a trip around the world and V. B. Bull, banker of Albany, was elected in his place. I wrote Mr. Bull and advised him of my views and suggested that we could not advance him any more money to pay interest or take over old mortgages made by the Western Farm Mortgage Company, which we had been heretofore paying, although not legally required to do so. He replied that he could not suspend that practice of caring for the old mortgages—that it would injure the company, and he would be unable to sell new mortgages—and therefore it would destroy our business principle. I replied that what I had asked was an absolute necessity and if not done it would break the company as sure as he lived, but if we could survive the approaching storm we could soon recover all our losses.

Mr. Bull then called a meeting of the board of directors to be held at the hotel in Lawrence, Kansas. I attended and delivered a written message, which I wish I had now, but I cannot find it. The president told the board that to follow my advice would ruin all the business of the company. I replied that

if the company did not see fit to follow my advice in the situation, it would break up the company, and that would be much worse than the mere suspension of business for a time. I saw that the directors were going to follow the president and I therefore went into the adjoining room and wrote my resignation and delivered it to the president.

Afterward the president came to me and asked me to keep my resignation a secret. I replied to him that I could not and would not and would not assume the responsibility for the action of the board, which I believed would ruin the company, and that is the last time I ever met him. The situation was very much discussed. Some of the directors made raging speeches, declaring that I was a good man in time of prosperity, but I was cowardly and was too easily frightened when trouble came. One prominent business man from Philadelphia thought I was wrong and so expressed himself, but his wife declared that she believed I was right and the company ought to have sustained me.

I returned to Denver and established my own office and began working on my private business. In the course of a few months, the manager of the company at Denver came to me and said:

"The company owes a bank in New York $40,000 and it demands payment and refuses to renew the loan," and he asked me if I

would go to New York as agent for the company and make sale of the mortgages and pay the bank.

He did not know what else to do, as they did not have the money to pay this debt and suit was threatened. I agreed to go. When I walked into the Third National Bank the cashier greeted me most cordially and expressed his gratification. He said:

"Our directors are now in session and have just passed a resolution directing me to go to Denver and take such action as may be necessary to collect the debt due us. Come with me. I want to introduce you to them."

He did so. There were 10 directors, and the president was an old man named Booth, 90 years old. I made them a speech and explained the situation—that I was not now an official member of the company, but explained to them what I came for. They asked their clerk to bring the $100,000 securities which they held and requested me to examine them. I did so, and placed them in two piles and told them that $50,000 of them were of no value, but the other $50,000 I regarded as good, and that I thought I could sell them and pay the debt due them. I then bid them good day and went into the front room to wait and learn what action they would take. The cashier came out in a few minutes and said that the board was very much pleased at what I had said and believed

every word I had uttered. They cancelled his instructions to go to Denver, and directed him to cooperate and assist me. I sold the securities and paid the bank in full.

Before I had left Denver on this trip, an officer of a Denver bank called on me and advised me that the Western Farm Mortgage Company owed his bank a loan of $25,000, for which the bank held mortgages of $30,000 as security. He advised me that he had been informed that I was going to New York to raise money for the company and asked me as a favor to include the payment of their debt. I told him I did not know that the bank owed them any money and I did not think it would be possible for me to undertake to comply with his request. The banker then informed me that if they had known I had resigned from the company they would not have made the loan. I then told him I would let him know if I could get the money due him.

When I had completed the payment due the Third National Bank I found a party who would purchase some securities if the amount was in small sums not exceeding $1000 each. I then dropped a line to the Denver bank and asked them to send me their mortgages, which they held as security, as I thought I could get the money for them, as I knew that a trust company that held a lot of mortgages for small sums of around $500

each, would be glad to exchange them for larger amounts, and if I had their securities, I could make the exchange and then sell them for money. In answer to my letter, they immediately wired me that the securities were on deposit with the National Bank of the Republic and they had wired the bank to turn them over to me.

The next morning, I called at the bank and asked for the securities and the assistant cashier said they had a wire from the bank instructing them to deliver the securities to me, but they could not do it on a mere telegram. I talked the matter over with him and gave him the facts and advised him that I had no interest, but wanted only to oblige the Denver bank, but if he could not deliver the mortgages I could do no more, and turned to retire, when he said:

"Wait—let me call the cashier."

He did so and when the cashier came, he went over the subject in the same manner and advised me he could not deliver them on a telegram. I then repeated what I had told the assistant cashier and bid them good day. He exclaimed:

"Wait—let me introduce you to the president."

He took me into a room and introduced me to the celebrated John J. Knox, who had been a member of Abraham Lincoln's Cabinet. We began to discuss earlier days, and

I told him I was in Washington and saw Mr. Lincoln take the oath of office and heard every word of his address on that occasion. He then rang his bell and called for the cashier, and said:

"Deliver those securities to Mr. Griffith," and the cashier did so.

Just at three o'clock, when they were about to close the bank, I walked in with a certified check for the full amount due them. I noticed that many clerks, seeing what I had done, looked at each other and appeared interested in the result. I bade them good evening and walked out and have never been in the bank since that day, which must have been in 1893 or 1894, not less than 35 years ago. I returned to Denver and resumed my office work, having accomplished for the mortgage company more than I had expected.

Some months after that I met two prominent men of wealth from Utica, N. Y., who came to Denver to seek a receiver for the mortgage company, which was just what I had expected would be done sooner or later, as the mortgage business was growing worse every day and no successful mortgage business was being accomplished. Many mortgage companies had already failed. When I met the manager of the mortgage company, that same evening, he was very much agitated and declared he would fight it

out and as he was angry, I left him to fight his own battle. The next day he came to me and advised me that these two eastern men who had applied to the court for a receiver for the company would accept me as a receiver.

Mr. Barker, in charge of the company at that time, saw and understood the situation, and so joined with the Eastern stockholders, in requesting my appointment as Receiver to wind up the company, which position I had not sought, desired or expected, but I felt it my duty to accept the position, and do the best I could to protect the stockholders and investors.

A short time after I became Receiver, the stockholders and creditors of Rochester, New York, had a meeting and decided that it was not good policy to have one of the old managers Receiver of the company and they selected a prominent attorney named M. E. Briggs to represent them and directed him to go to Denver and seek a new Receiver. He came and introduced himslf to me, as representing the stockholders and creditors of the company at that locality in Western New York. I made him welcome and revealed every fact to him that I knew and assisted him in making a complete investigation of the situation. When he was ready to return, he took me into his confidence and explained to me that he had expected to seek the appoint-

ment of a new Receiver, but he was going home and would advise his clients and all parties interested in the company to stand by me, and support me in every particular, as the wisest and best thing they could do. They did so and this attorney was always my friend and supporter for years after this occasion and is yet if he is still living.

Then came upon the country a period of hard times and real estate in the new country of Kansas, became practically valueless. Farms worth ten dollars per acre, could not be sold at all—not even for two dollars per acre — and all over the southern and western part of the state the farmers who had built small houses and improved forty acres or more who had borrowed $500.00 on a mortgage, could not sell their farms at all, and thousands of them were abandoned, and the investors in the East, who held the mortgages, would not advance the cost of foreclosure and so they lost the $500.00 loan.

Let me illustrate: Mr. W. W. Cockens, a well known resident of Lawrence, Kansas, owned a controlling interest in a cattle ranch in Meade County, Kansas. This county became all settled up and most every 160 acres was owned and occupied by a new settler. The Cockens Stock Co. owned a tract of 640 acres, I think, which had a stream of water, and was their headquarters, but when the balance of the county became all settled

up they were compelled to collect their cattle and drive down across the State Line in the vacant prairie land in Texas, known as the Panhandle. There came hard times, when farmers could not make a living on these new locations, or thought they could not, and the country in Meade County was abandoned. Mr. Cockens, told me that he went before the county commissioners of Meade County and bought the tax sale certificate on every 160 tract of land in a tract of six miles square, near his headquarters. He then took out a tax deed to this large tract and fenced it with a wire fence and put down several wells, to which he attached wind mill pumps. Thus he had a pasture for his cattle of six miles square. He kept the cattle in this fine and great pasture for a year or two. A man who owned 320 acres of land joining his large pasture, improved his land by plowing the entire tract and sowing it in wheat, which harvested 30 bushels per acre and he sold it at $1.00 per bushel which paid him $30.00 per acre, less the cost of production. This new condition revolutionized things, and the price of land went up and Mr. Cockens sold out his land at from $5.00 to $10.00 per acre and I think made a profit of around $100,000. Things that had changed from good to bad, had come back to good—better than ever and Mr. Cockens retired from the cattle business and new settlers occupied Meade County and

made a success. This illustrates the situation that at one time overtook Kansas. It is just what I expected would be the result, but I did not know, as no man knew, whether it would take one year or five years, to bring results.

I was compelled to wind up the business of the mortgage company before this reaction took place and hence was unable to save anything for the stockholders. If I could have had my way, which I tried to have, I could have saved the stockholders, but I could not. The court compelled me to close up the business.

CHAPTER XIV.

PROHIBITION IN KANSAS

As I have said on a previous page, Kansas was one of the first states to prohibit by law the manufacture and sale of liquor. I was residing and doing business in Lawrence when the state adopted a constitutional amendment for that purpose. Saloons were closed all over the state except in some of the larger towns, such as Lawrence, Leavenworth, Kansas City (Kan.) and Atchison. In those towns they openly violated the law and continued in business. There were 10 saloons running in Lawrence in defiance of the constitution and the state law. These had been licensed by the city, as was customary in incorporated towns, and had been paying the city $500.00 a month, but the city issued no license after the prohibition law went into effect.

We held a meeting in the Presbyterian Church in Lawrence to see what could be done to enforce the law. We were considering the selection of a new county attorney, whose duty it would be to prosecute law violators. I made a speech favoring the choice of George J. Barker, with whom I was well

acquainted. He was one of our ablest lawyears and I had great confidence in his integrity. He was at that time attorney for the saloonkeepers, but I felt sure that if he were elected county attorney he would honestly enforce the law and make a success.

One indignant lady arose and scored me severely. She expressed great surprise that a man of my standing in the city should advocate and support a man who was employed by the saloonkeepers. I simply replied that I was in favor of a man who would support and enforce the law and close up the saloons, and that I believed Mr. Barker was that kind of a man and would perform his full duty. But my recommendation was not adopted. A young man, a church member, who was practicing law, was indorsed by the meeting and was elected.

Under his administration the saloons were not closed, but kept open in defiance of both the constitution and the state law, to the discredit of the city and the grief of every law-abiding citizen. No great effort was made by the officials of the city or county, including this county attorney the church people had indorsed, to have the law respected.

The liquor interests all over the state organized to get the law repealed. At the next Democratic convention repeal of the amendment and of the law under it was made a

plank in the party platform. They nominated a well-known attorney of Atchison for governor. The saloon interests were so well organized that they carried the elction, choosing the governor and a majority of the house of representatives. However, the carryover members of the senate still gave that body a majority for prohibition.

The house passed an act resubmitting the amendment to the people, but it was held up in the senate. However, during the continuance of the new administration practically nothing was done by it to uphold the law enacted under the amendment. In Lawrence and several other cities saloons continud to run wide open, to the discredit of good government and the regret of all lawabiding people. Why the new county attorney did not enforce the law and close the saloons in Lawrence I do not know and can not say. Some people charged that he had been bought up by the saloonkeepers, but it was much easier to make such charges than to prove them. It was well known that the attorney of the saloonkeepers was far superior as a lawyer to the man who had been elected county attorney, and this had much to do with non-enforcement of law.

When the time again came for election of county officers, at the end of two years, some of us determined to have a change. We suc-

ceeded in nominating and electing Judge George J. Barker, the man I had proposed two years before. He was still the attorney of the saloonkeepers, but when he took the oath of office he wrote a letter to his former employers, in which he said as I best recall the wording:

"I hereby resign my position as your attorney. I have been elected county attorney and it will be my duty to enforce the law. I advise you all to quit and close up your saloons, and if you do not do so, I will make you."

It is said that the saloonkeepers laughed heartily when they read it. Here was their own attorney being humorous for thir benefit. So the beer glasses continued to klink on the bars. A few days later all these merry gentlemen were arrested, taken before the justice court and fined $100.00 and 30 days in jail. They all gave appeal bonds to the district court, and then returned to their saloons to start the beer glasses klinking again.

Some of them said:

"Just wait 'till court meets and we get before Judge Stephens, and we'll show you."

It was generally known that Judge Stephens had voted against the prohibition amendment and they considered that fact warranted them in belief that he would decide in their favor. In a week or so County Attorney Barker had them all arrested for the second time and taken before a justice of the

peace in Clinton township. They were convicted, fined $500.00 each and sent to jail for three months, according to my recollection. They took another appeal to the district court and returned to operate their saloons as before. Again they were arrested and taken before a justice of the peace in Baldwin City, a distance of 15 miles. Again they were all found guilty and were fined $1,000 each and sentenced to jail for six months.

A third appeal was taken to the district court, which would soon be in session. The saloonkeepers had now begun to worry. The time lost, the expense incurred and their realization that Judge Barker was in earnest had taken all the humor out of the situation. Yet, they still believed that Judge Stephens would give them relief. Shortly before court convened a friend of Judge Stephens met him on the street and they stopped for a chat. He said:

"Judge, the saloonkeepers are all more or less worried over their situation. They are expecting that you will give them relief when their cases come before you."

The judge looked him in the face and said: "LET NO LAWBREAKER DEPEND ON ME. IF HE DOES, HE WILL BE DISAPPOINTED," and went on his way.

This was told to some of the saloonkeepers and they became very much alarmed. A

meeting was held to discuss the situation. One of them said to me that he had made good money for two or three years, but had spent all his profits since Judge Barker had begun to fight them. So they decided to go to Judge Barker and see what sort of compromise could be arranged to close up their saloons and leave the state. The result was that they paid reduced fines and costs of suit, ceased their unlawful business and most of them left Kansas. Thus ended the saloon business in the city of Lawrence. It would end everywhere if such officials were in office.

When the next state election was held the Republican platform indorsed the prohibition amendment and that party carried the state. The new governor, the house and the senate all favored prohibition and enforcement of the law. The legislature passed an act providing that, if in any county the officials did not enforce the law, it should be the duty of the governor to appoint a special attorney charged with that duty, who should take the place of the county attorney and prosecute lawbreakers.

The governor made a number of such appointments with splendid results. Saloons were closed all over the state in such places as they had been permitted to run, and no saloons have been operated openly in Kansas since then. There has, to be sure, been some

illicit selling of liquor, as there always will be, and conditions have been easier to do this in some places than in others, but that is a state of affairs that always has been and always will be. No law can be completely enforced. Murder is prohibited and severe penalties for it, yet it occurs. Good laws have always been disobeyed and always will be. How many people ruin themselves by violation of law, and yet others continue in spite of such warnings.

After these events I was one day talking to a man of German nativity in Lawrence and he told me that the law was not enforced and that one could get all the liquor he wanted from illicit dealers. Later I was talking with him again and he said that formerly he had been in the habit of drinking two or three glasses of beer in the forenoon and as many more in the afternoon, but since the law was enforced and the saloons all closed he did not drink at all. I called his attention to what he had said about it being easy to get drink. He replied that it was still a fact, but that he was not going to sneak around to a back door to get a drink. He preferred to go without it than to become a sneaking lawbreaker.

Is not that a sound principle and good citizenship? We have plenty of native Americans who are not as good and conscientious citizens as this naturalized German. His name was Theodore Poehler. He was subse-

quently elected mayor of Lawrence. Every young man just entering business should adopt and live up to the principle of obedience to the laws of God and of his country. That is the path to success and happiness.

An interesting incident of the enforcement of the prohibition law in Lawrence was the closing of the brewery. It had been established some years before by John Walruff. He had been an early settler in Franklin County when I lived there and had held office there. I was well acquainted with him. He had always supported me for office and was well known as an anti-slavery man and a member of the Republican party, as were most citizens of German birth in Kansas, of whom there were quite a number among the early settlers. This class of citizens were generally opposed to the anti-saloon law. While a good citizen in a general way, Mr. Walruff believed he had a right to manufacture and sell beer, and so he continued to operate his brewery, well-knowing he was doing so in violation of law.

Proceedings were begun against him by County Attorney Barker for violation of law and illegal selling of beer. He made application to have the suit transferred to the United States court at Leavenworth, with Judge Brewer on the bench, a very able man and later on the supreme bench of the United

States. His contention was that he was engaged in inter-state commerce and that made it a matter for the federal courts. He brought testimony to prove that he was manufacturing beer and shipping it to other states and that this removed him from state jurisdiction. Judge Brewer decided that such activities were interstate commerce and not a violation of the laws of Kansas, with which he had been charged, and dismissed the case.

Prosecuting Attorney Barker knew that Walruff was not confining his operations to interstate commerce, but was both manufacturing and selling beer for the local trade, and as well encouraging violation of the law on the part of those whom he supplied with beer. He was a source of supply for local bootleggers. So Barker apparently dropped the matter, but he put private detectives at work and soon established the facts, which he took before the grand jury quietly. The result was an indictment for more than 40 violations of the law.

Walruff was arrested and released on bail and a day was set for the trial. He knew now that he was in real trouble and did not know how to get out of it. He knew he had violated the law, that there was proof and that he was sure to be convicted, fined and also sent to jail. He knew he could not bring to bear any influence with Attorney Barker or

the court, and he faced the almost certainty of $2,000 to $3,000 and a year or two in jail. He forfeited his bond and left the state, leaving his family still in the large brick mansion he had built in more prosperous days, worth $10,000 probably. His brewery stood idle, like:

—Some banquet hall deserted
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.

But in this case even he had departed. It was a lonelier place than that of which Moore sang. As a fugitive from justice, a suffering and unhappy man, away from his family and elegant home, not knowing what to do nor whither to go, he wandered about. Judge Barker heard that he was in St. Louis, in whose German and brewery atmosphere he felt a degree of sympathy if not safety, which proved to be fallacious. Judge Barker secured from the governor an application on the governor of Missouri for the extradition of Walruff. The sheriff of Douglas County took this to Jefferson City, had it approved by the governor of Missouri and then arrested Walruff and brought him back to Lawrence.

Judge Benson, of Ottawa, was then on the bench and set the hearing for the next morning at 9:00 o'clock and released him on bail. The next morning he did not appear. He again had forfeited his bonds and disappeared to parts unknown. Poor man! He

had been knowingly engaged in an unlawful business, in contempt of the law, and was now suffering the consequences. He had thought he could defeat the law, but had spent most if not all the money he had made in the days of his prosperity and the law was still after him. His life was burdened and the happiness of himself and his family was destroyed. Such a failure in life is a very great misfortune for any man. No man of intelligence should ever undertake to make a living in violation of law, and no citizen of sterling integrity will ever do so. Sooner or later it will bring sorrow and failure in life.

Nobody appeared to know what had become of Walruff. He had completely disappeared. His brewery still stood empty and idle, gathering dust. His lonesome family still lived in the fine brick house as the days and months went by. He finally realized that he was on the wrong track and that he could never get anywhere as a fugitive from justice. He sold his fine home as the only way to gain means for his support and that of his family. He finally concluded that the only way out for him and them was to make such terms of settlement as were possible.

He got into communication with Judge Barker and finally made some arrangement to determine the whole matter. If I ever knew I do not now recollect just what were the

terms of the settlement of the case, but I do know that Mr. Walruff never started up his beer business again in Lawrence, but sold the brewery building and removed from the state, after first serving a term in jail in Lawrence. The last thing I remember about him is that he called on business at the bank of which I then was President, and I remember one thing he said. After telling me he had arranged to leave the state and was going to Missouri with the intention of starting his business there he said in broken English:

"Vat makes me so tam madt, is dot same man what ruint me is living in my fine house."

His frame of mind was still warped. He thought it was the county attorney who had ruined him, when it was his own attitude as a citizen towards the law which had done it. His open defiance of the law had worked his downfall. It is what every man who violates the law should expect and deserves, and what he also gets when the officers charged with its enforcement are honest, conscientious and energetic. Judge Barker did his duty as an able and conscientious official and deserves honor for it. It is too bad that so many officials in like positions do not covet honor for duty faithfully performed.

When I was only a boy of seven or eight years, living at our old home in Indiana near Lafayette, I went one day with my father in our two-horse wagon to Lafayette, six miles

south as I often did. As we were preparing to return home a man approached and asked for a ride as far as his home, some four miles on our way. He was a man well known in the community and was called wealthy as that word was then understood, probably the richest man in that vicinity.

He sat by my father on the front seat and soon attracted my attention by his continuous and foolish talk, and I gradually understood that he was intoxicated. I had never seen a man in that condition before, and it made a deep impression on me. He acted very foolishly. He would take off his hat and wave it and then cast it down to his feet and point to it, all the time saying foolish things. It occured to me at that time, boy as I was; "Is that what whiskey does? Why does anybody use such stuff that makes a man insane?"

It was a mystery to me in my early boyhood and has remained so ever since, and for 85 years that scene has continued vivid in my memory. Though rich in worldly goods, this man was on a downward path because of liquor. He continued to drink until his property was all gone, and from being the richest man in the community he became the poorest and most destitute, a ruined man without the respect of anybody.

This was my first personal contact with a drunkard and my first knowledge of what

intoxicating liquor can do to a man. Since then I have always been a bitter enemy of intoxicating drinks. I regard liquor as the great enemy of mankind and all through life I have denounced it. I have often seen it destroy the lives of otherwise useful men. Why this great enemy of man, which produces such misfortune and ruin to so many, and in that way hurts us all, should be permitted to exist I have never been able to understand. Why it is that so many people claim the right to manufacture and sell this dangerous drink, which does so much evil to individuals and to society as a whole, is also a mystery to me. I can not understand how it is so many are willing to profit by the ruin of others. I would banish all intoxicating drinks from the earth if I could. Not a drop should be sold to anybody, anywhere, under any conditions.

CHAPTER XV.

GREEN BACKS AND FREE SILVER

During the last year of the war and for several years thereafter a peculiar situation prevailed with regard to the small circulating medium. Of course the premium on gold and silver drove both from use in ordinary business and personal transactions. Since silver was the chief money from one dollar down, it became necessary to provide paper money to take its place. The government issued paper currency, in denominations of 5, 10, 25 and 50 cents, each of different size and color. It was on cheap paper, not at all like that now used for greenbacks, and quickly became dirty, torn and rumpled. Its varying sizes made it troublesome to handle and often it became so dirty that neither the color nor the value was easily discernable. Little currency cases were devised, having tapes to hold down the currency, the tapes crossed like an X on one side and parallel on the other. Merchants also printed currency for local circulation, profiting by all that was lost or unredeemed, just as the government now does.

Business was booming. Everybody was

careless with money. The currency was supplemented with postage stamps which were accepted everywhere for small transactions, like buying candy and for small change. They passed from hand to hand as long as they could be identified, and when they became too dirty for that the last holder lost their value and threw them away. Dishonest persons took cancelled stamps from letters and used them, they being at times less marred than the unused ones that had passed from hand to hand.

Stores also issued copper or alloy tokens that passed for a cent everywhere. Nobody distinguished between the government cent and these tokens, except at the postoffice and banks. A little later, when silver began to appear again, the government issued a three cent piece, but it was so near in size and general appearance to a silver dime, that the confusion created soon led to its retirement. It was about then that the metal nickel came out and soon proved to be the most convenient and practical special coinage issued.

There was for a time trouble with the nickel because of its size and design. When gold plated it closely resembled a five dollar gold piece and much fraud was perpetrated in that way. A change in the design practically put an end to that. There was also issued a two-cent piece about the same size as

the old copper penny, but that was also withdrawn. Too many different kinds of coins were confusing and gave opportunities for fraud. It was found that the regular cent when issued in sufficient quantity was able to take care of every transaction below five cents.

There was another evil. For advertising, many stores and various enterprises issued imitation money like greenbacks. This was seized upon by confidence men to use for defrauding ignorant Americans and immigrants. Finally this was all ended by the government withdrawing all its shinplasters, its three-cent and two-cent pieces, ceasing to coin the $2.50 piece and enacting a law making it a felony to issue anything that resembled United States money, either paper or coin. This was accompanied by a vigorous federal campaign against counterfeiting, until today American money is probably the best protected of any in the world. People take it without a thought of it possibly being spurious. When Americans travel they soon begin to appreciate the simplicity and the sound value of our American money.

The lesson of irresponsible and unsound circulating medium so graphically taught by the unreliable state bank notes, and again by the decline in value of even the greenback in spite of the government credit behind it,

and still again by the complete collapse of the Confederate government notes, seemed not to have been understood by the people. It took two great political campaigns to establish the fact in the popular mind that there must be a sound basis for currency and that throughout the ages man has made that basis gold and silver, which are metals of established original value and are not produced in such excess or variable quantity as to create too much fluctuation in their value.

As the purchasing power of the greenback gradually rose after the war, as reflected by the fall in prices, the point was approached when it would be possible to place it on a par with gold and silver by the government establishing that par in its own transactions. To this restoration of specie payments a tremendous opposition arose, especially among the farmers of the Middle West. Kansas was a center of such opposition. The grange organizations discussed it at their meetings and were almost unanimous against it. A separate Greenback Party was organized and a vigorous educational campaign was carried on to convince the people that anything the government labeled as money was indeed money and had behind it all the property value of the entire nation. "Fiat money," it was called by supporters of the gold standard.

How the government would be able to use this property value to redeem greenbacks without confiscating private proprty, the agitators were unable to explain. They got around that point by declaring that redemption was unnecessary, that nobody would care for any other sort of money than that the government issued and everything would be lovely, no matter what might be the amount of the issue. They forgot or ignored the history of the greenback itself, or laid it all to manipulation by the banks and "Wall Street."

This question entered somewhat into the campaign of 1872, when Grant was elected for his second term, but it was more intense in 1873 and at the congressional election of 1874. It received its temporary death blow in 1876, when congress, under the urging of President Grant, passed an act restoring specie payments. The expected rush for gold and silver from the United States treasury in exchange for paper money and to be hoarded, which had been so positively asserted would happen, did not occur, and almost without a ripple greenbacks became at par with gold and silver, and the business of the country prospered. The Greenback Party in Kansas faded away before this practical demonstration of the fallacy of its financial principle.

However, the fundamental error was not quite dead. It came to strong and vigorous life again during the Cleveland second administration, although President Cleveland stood firmly for the gold standard. Then it was silver instead of paper money that was to be given value by government fiat. The production of silver had so increased in proportion to gold, that its bullion value gradually sank, until the legal parity of 16 ounces of silver to one ounce of gold, as put into the coinage, sank as low as 32 ounces in actual metal value. Because of this low value of silver its coinage was limited. If it circulated on a parity with gold half of its circulation value was represented by government credit and half by actual metal value.

Again the old argument that the stamp of the government was all that was needed to give value to money was asserted. The argument was that there was not enough gold to serve as an actual medium of exchange, that it was hoarded by the banks and "Wall Street" and that those forces were in a great conspiracy to control the money of the country and keep their heels on the necks of the producers. It was the same old greenback argument that had proved so fallacious 20 years before, but was now revived to make silver the sole basis of currency values in so far as any basis other than the total wealth

of the nation was needed. Just as in 1873, this national wealth was declared to be all the backing the greenback and the silver required.

"Free Silver" and "Sixteen to One" became the slogans. By this was meant free or unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one with gold, but many thought that it meant actual free silver in some sort of way unknown to them, and they were consequently for it. The silver producing states, like Colorado, Nevada, Utah, etc., were strong for free silver. It was one of their chief industries and they had suffered from the decline in its value. A man who stood for adherence to the gold standard and restriction of the coinage of silver in one of those states was hard to find and when found he was practically ostracized.

Free silver also had a strong following in Kansas and other western states, where the Greenback Party had been so strong. The farmers ascribed the low prices for their products to restriction in the coinage of silver at the old ratio. They believed that "Wall Street" was maintaining the gold standard while keeping possession of all the gold and thus robbing the people. The people were honest in their belief and earnest in backing it.

That was the sentiment when William Jen-

nings Bryan swept the Democratic convention at Chicago with his "Cross of Gold" speech in 1896 and was nominated for the presidency. Then followed a campaign in which the Republican Party stood for gold as the standard of values and the Democratic Party stood for silver on a legal parity with gold and unlimited coinage of it, declaring that such free coinage would give it actual market value the same as its coinage value. "Bimetalism," it was called.

The subsequent campaign was one of the most intense the country has ever witnessed, rivaling in feeling that of 1860, when the slavery question was dominant. It far exceeded the feeling aroused by the late campaign in which prohibition was the chief issue. As in 1860 the Democratic party was split. "Gold Democrats" supported the Republican nominee, William McKinley, and "Free Silver Republicans" supported Bryan. I will relate two incidents illustrative of the intensity of feeling at that time.

I was living in Denver then. So far as I know I was the only man in my neighborhood who remained true to the Republican Party and gold platform. People of my acquaintance could not understand it. I was told that the daughter of one of my neighbors said to her father:

"Papa, Mr. Griffith is a good man. We all

like him and know he is honest. Why is he against us and silver? I thought only bad men did that"

The father had no satisfactory answer. He was very rabid. He was a traveling salesman. He asserted that if the silver campaign failed the country would go to the dogs and his business would be ruined. He stopped selling goods and gave his time to campaigning. When McKinley was elected this man felt sure that the end of things had come. He did not try to do any business. After a time he concluded to make a trip. In a few days I received a letter from him, saying:

"I am doing well. Have better business than ever before. You were right and I guess I was just a dam fool."

During the campaign I stopped one day in Lafayette, Ind. While on the depot platform waiting for the train there came a former general in the army, who had made a political speech the night before, of the typical free silver stamp. A small crowd gathered around him and I heard what was said.

"General," said one, "Last night you said that if McKinley was elected every merchant and every bank in the country would be bankrupted and that we would have hard times such as the country never had before. Can you prove that?"

"'Certainly I can prove it," he replied in a positive and dominating voice. "There is not gold enough in all the country to pay one-tenth of the government debt, the state, county and city debts, to say nothing of the much greater private debts of business and loans. Any man with a grain of common sense knows that. He knows that the very morning after McKinley was elected—if he should be—the people would form in long lines at the banks and draw out all the gold, and there would not be a dollar left for banks to redeem their notes or to do the business of the country. Universal bankruptcy would speedily follow."

"How long do you think it will take for the country to go broke and all business stop," asked one of the gaping crowd?

"I don't know just how long. Not more than 60 days."

At that there was a howl of rage and one man exclaimed that he wished he was in "Wall Street" with a gun and he would do something.

Although I said nothing, because it would have been useless, I thought to myself:

"That man is a fool. If he believes what he says he should be in an insane asylum. If he does not believe it he should be in jail."

Yet, he was a fair sample of the kind of agitators who stirred up the people all over

the West in the 1896 campaign. The people of Colorado, Kansas and other western states were honest and well meaning, but did not understand the financial history of the world, and great numbers were easily led astray by fallacious theories.

Yet, McKinley was elected, silver gradually rose again to almost a market parity with gold, under the influence of changed production conditions and not because of coinage, and the McKinley administration was the beginning of the wonderful era of national prosperity which has now reached a point where we are the richest and most prosperous nation the world ever knew, and the end is not yet.

I am not so foolish as to believe that the cheap money idea is completely dead, in spite of the many illustrations our history has given of its fallacy. Millions of people think very loosely and have no real financial understanding. It only requires some emergency to bring out such financial fallacies again. Every nation in Europe today has depreciated currency because of too large an issue of it and the impossibility of supporting it upon the mere existence of national wealth in private ownership. Germany wiped out all her valueless currency, not worth the paper on which it was printed, and started a new issue based on gold. Her rapid recov-

ery from the war is due chiefly to that fact. Other European nations are doing the same more or less completely, and upon that fact —and peace, of course—is based the hope of prosperity in the future. The young people of America, into whose hands the government is passing, should understand these fundamental things in our history.

I have referred several times to the bad currency conditions that existed before the war, with such a multitude and variety of state bank notes in circulation, and how they were taxed out of existence during the Civil War and the federal greenback substituted, and how the very excess of the greenbacks resulting from the tremendous cost of the war, which reached the sum of $1,000,000 a day, led to a great discount on them in gold. Greenbacks and national bank notes did not reach par in gold until after congress passed the act in 1876 resuming specie payments. They have never been below par since, not even during the late World War, when the government spent four times as much money as it did during the Civil War. This shows the solid foundation of our present national banking system.

However, the currency issued by the Confederate government did not have the same history. Like the greenback, the Confederate money sank gradually in value as more

and more of it was issued. When it became in 1864 and early in 1865 practically certain that the Union side would win, the result was an arrest of the decline in the value of the greenback and a much speedier fall in that of Confederate money. Towards the end of the war it had practically no value at all. Discharged federal soldiers brought home pockets full of it which they had secured for practically nothing.

However, in the south, behind the lines of the Confederate army, there was no other money and people had to use it. From day to day its value changed and fell and people in business or who sold property and took that money in payment practically lost everything they had. Great numbers of wealthy families, owners of large plantations and many slaves before the war, were ruined. They lost everything they had and educated and delicately nurtured women were compelled to earn a living the best way they could. This was also true of men. Some of the members of the most aristocratic families were compelled to labor at very humble occupations.

Some of the incidents that came under my observation or were related to me are very interesting. About 1870 Mrs. Griffith and I went to Colorado to spend some of the hot weeks of summer. At the place where we

stopped in Denver were a lady and her daughter from Arkansas, also summering there. I shall never forget the story she told us. She said that she was the wife of a distinguished judge residing in Arkansas a few miles from Vicksburg, Miss. They had a large plantation and 500 negro slaves for field hands and servants.

Her husband had been much opposed to the war and took a strong stand against it, opposing the secession movement. He never changed his attitude and kept up his fight against the secession leaders. However, he was so well known and respected over a wide part of the South, that he was never molested for his opinions. But all his negroes were driven away or left of their own accord, and he had none left but household servants, who were sentimentally attached to the family. Their horses, cattle and all domestic animals were stolen or driven off. Their provisions also were taken and the family faced starvation. However, he never relented or changed his attitude in favor of the Union.

When Vicksburg was captured in 1863, General Sherman heard of this Union judge and one day took his staff and they rode down to his almost deserted and uncultivated plantation to see him. The judge made them welcome with the fine courtesy of the aristocracy of the South and invited him

and his staff into the spacious house, where they indulged in conversation until dinner was announced. He invited them to dine with him and they accepted. When they were seated around the table they found a plate of cornbread on it as the only food. This was passed around without any apology or comment, and all took a piece and ate it, with a glass of water for drink. It was all the hosts had, and they served it with all the grace and hospitality they had been accustomed to use when the board was loaded with good things.

They all returned to the parlor and continued talking and laughing, nobody referring to the dinner incident or the destitute condition of the family. The visitors said good bye and thanked their hosts for their hospitality. The next day the family were surprised to see an army wagon drive up and begin unloading provisions of flour, sugar, hams, coffee, etc. in abundance. It was General Sherman's way of acknowledging their hospitality and in a measure returning some of the great loss they had sustained in being loyal to the Union.

I learned another incident from the lips of a general who had been on the staff of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and had commanded a division. A soldier rode into his camp about the end of the war, riding a very fine horse. One

of the officers took a liking to the animal and wanted to buy it. He asked the soldier to name a price, but he declined. He then said:

"I'll give you a $1,000 for that horse."

"That's just what I paid for having him curried this morning," the owner replied. That ended the proposed transaction.

In Denver I became acquainted with a man who owned a mine and I assisted him in selling some stock. The celebrated Senator Wade Hampton became president of the mining company. He was then senator from South Carolina. He introduced me to a niece who was working in one of the departments in Washington. One time when I was in the nation's capital I called on her with an introduction from her uncle, General Wade Hampton, and she told me something of her family history.

Before and during the war she lived with her parents on a large plantation in South Carolina. They had some 500 slaves. Her father was an educated man, but not a business man nor a good plantation manager. He preferred to fish and hunt, spending much of his time in that way. He often urged his wife to sell the plantation and buy another more convenient to good hunting and fishing grounds. She finally gave her consent, on

condition that he would first contract to buy the new place, one which met with her approval, so they would not be without a home. He selected a place and closed the deal, but had to return home to get the money from the sale of his old plantation. He sold the old home and was paid in Confederate currency. He hastened back to close the purchase before Richmond fell, for he knew that when that happened the value of Confederate mony would so depreciate that the seller would not accept it in payment. But Richmond fell before he got there and the seller refused to take the money. It was of no value at all.

Thus they had sold their old home for worthless money and could not buy the proposed new one. They were homeless and penniless. From affluence and high position they had fallen to poverty. Her father abandoned his effort to make hunting and fishing his chief interest in life and secured a position as school teacher, with just enough salary for the family to live upon. At the end of two years he died, but her uncle, Senator Hampton, secured a place for her in the government service, and she was then supporting both her mother and herself in that way. This story of the plunge from wealth to poverty is typical of great numbers of

families in the South. The war utterly ruined them. I have met many Southern people and have found them very fine and charming folks.

CHAPTER XVI.

SOME POLITICAL MEMORIES

When I was quite a small lad political events made quite an impression on my mind. They are more vivid to me now than some of the much later incidents. In 1844, when I was but 10 years of age, the election at which James K. Polk was chosen president occurred. It was a contest between the Whigs and the Democrats. Henry Clay, the great statesman of Kentucky, was the opponent of Polk.

Kentucky being a great coon hunting state, particularly during its pioneer period, that animal was the emblem of the Whig Party for the campaign. The Republican Party succeeded the Whig 12 years later and the elephant became the party emblem. It is some jump from a coon to an elephant, but today the Republican Party is almost as much larger than its predecessor as an elephant is larger than a coon. All over the country Whig farmers put up a pole in their yards and placed on its top a picture of a coon. Doggeral songs, such as were usual in the old style campaigns, were sung. I only remember the words of one of the Whig songs. One verse was:

As I walked out by the light of the moon,
  There I saw sitting on a tree, sitting on a tree,
That same old coon, singing to himself this tune:
  "Get out of the way you old Dan Tucker.
Clear the track for old Kentucky."

Martin Van Buren, who had been selected by the Democrats in 1836, but defeated in 1840 by W. H. Harrison, a Whig, was a candidate for the Democratic nomination against Polk, but lost. A quatrain against him sung by the Whigs, was:

And here is Matty, never idle,
  A tricky horse that slips the bridle.
Well, in '44 we'll show him soon.
  The little fox can't fool the coon.

But Polk beat Van Buren and became the fox, which at the election did fool the Clay coon. I never could understand how that was possible. Henry Clay was one of the great statesmen of the country and Polk was comparatively a much inferior man and not well known.

Six or seven years later, when I was going to college at Mt. Pleasant, Penn., some 40 miles east of Pittsburgh on the main line to Philadelphia, a special stage came along one day carrying Henry Clay to Washington. There was no railroad through there at that time. The stage stopped to change horses

and Mr. Clay came into the front room of the hotel to wait. A number of us young men went in to see him. An old gentleman named Overholt went up to him and asked him about his health. He explained how he felt and then called attention to us, saying:

"You and I will soon pass away and these boys will have to take care of the country."

He continued his journey to Washington, but he died without ever returning again to his Kentucky home.

CHAPTER XVII

THE GRASSHOPPER INVASION

Kansas is known as the "Sunflower State," and very rightly, for wild sunflowers once grew everywhere, and still do in the uncultivated fields and along the roadsides, but it has also been called the "Grasshopper State." In ordinary years it probably has no more grasshoppers than many other states, but there was one year when vast swarms of that insect practically destroyed every green thing over a large area embracing several counties. This is not a peculiar Kansas infliction. Other states have suffered from armies of millions of these hoppers. Only last year Oregon had a visitation of them. Where and under what conditions they breed in such myriads nobody knows and there is not much successful technique in fighting them when once an army starts on such a raid. Swarms of locusts also periodically visit portions of a number of states.

It was in 1874 that Kansas had her visitation of this scourge. In August of that year —I am uncertain of the date—while I was living at my home south of Lawrence, after the wheat had been harvested, I looked up in-

to the sky one day and saw it full of grasshoppers. It looked like a swarm of bees in the air a mile high and covering every post as far as the eye could reach, east, west, north and south and as far as the eye could see from the earth into the sky. What it meant no man knew, but the insects began lighting upon the earth from the clouds above, everywhere all around us. No one could take a step without crunching the insects, which covered the earth everywhere. My wife arose in her excitement and declared she would fight for her garden. We went into the garden and covered over in some way all our flowers and other valuable growing plants, but it did no good. The insects crawled under and in some way were able to destroy everything we had. Our fruit trees were full of half grown apples. Every leaf was eaten. The trees all over the orchard were without a leaf and the apples, looking like little round balls, covered every limb.

It looked like desolation complete, everywhere. What would be the result? No man knew. There was scarcely so much as a green leaf in all the land. We could see that they were beginning to bury in the ground and lay their eggs, which would fill the earth and sky with new grasshoppers to consume and destroy the crop of the next spring. What could the people do? They

were everywhere discouraged. Every crop not already gathered was destroyed. It brought poverty to many, with little prospects for future success, and so a period of depression existed all around us. Many new settlers abandoned their claims. The people began to think of the next year's crop and what means they could adopt to save it. A great deal of land filled with eggs was plowed up, so as to destroy the eggs, which no doubt was successful in many localities.

I will here relate a circumstance which I saw and heard the next spring. A friend of our store, who lived in Lawrence, had a farm a few miles north in Jefferson County. In the fall he sowed 40 acres of wheat and in the spring he planted 60 acres of corn. There were no grasshopper eggs in his ground in the early part of the spring and he had no fears, but later on as his wheat and corn grew he began to be apprehensive, as some miles west of his farm he discovered a large tract of uncultivated ground with young half-grown grasshoppers covering it by the billion. What they might do when they grew up, he did not know. He discovered that they were hopping in the direction of his farm. He called in our store almost every day and told us about the threatening danger to his prospective crop. He was worrying about it and we became interested with him.

He went out daily to examine the threatening danger. One day they were a mile west of his farm, the next day they were a half mile. Then one day he came in and told us that the hoppers were just across the road from his land and the earth, trees, weeds and grass were all black with them, and that in the morning they would doubtless cover his crop and destroy it. He had practically given up all hope, and I remember that he told us he had made a speech to the grasshoppers. He stood in the road looking toward the vast army as they covered all the property on the west of his farm and he said to them: "Now, grasshoppers, I want you to be fair with me. I am willing to give you all my growing corn, if you will leave me the wheat, or if you prefer the wheat, take that and leave me the corn. Take your choice of one and leave me the other."

The next evening he again went out to his farm and they had crossed the road and settled on his ground. Every hill of corn was covered black with the grasshoppers. Every head of wheat was bent down with its load. He said to them: "So you have decided to rob me and take all I have and leave me nothing!"

He was very despondent as he felt that his entire crop of 100 acres was a total loss, and so he fretted during the evening and dreamed

of his misfortune all that night. He arose in the morning and went immediately to his farm to view the extent of his misfortune. He came to see us on his return and said that not a single grasshopper was in sight and he could only guess that they had grown up to maturity and taken wings and disappeared, and no man knew where they had gone. They had not damaged his wheat or his corn so much as $1.00 and he was now a happy man, as all danger that had threatened him had disappeared.

That was the last thing I ever heard about these grasshoppers. Where they had gone no man knew. They had completely disappeared. More than 50 years have come and gone and no such calamity has come again. This result was a great relief to the farmers and business men, but there existed for a long time in the mind of everybody the fear that this calamity having visited the state once might come again, but as the days, months and years went by, it did not.

CHAPTER XVIII

A NEW LIFE IN LOS ANGELES

I first visited Los Angeles in 1890, lacking but a few months of being 40 years ago, and during those 40 years tremendous changes have taken place. Ten years later I made my home here and have watched that marvelous growth while a part of it for 30 years I looked over the cities of the Pacific Coast before I made my decision as to where I would spend the remainder of my life. I have related elsewhere how I organized banks in both Seattle and Portland but would not remain in either city to become their head and manager.

I was very much impressed with the future of Seattle. Having the finest harbor on our northern coast and the shortest steamer route to the Orient and Alaska, its business outlook was very attractive, but I found nothing there that indicated such a future as was plainly ahead of Los Angeles. Likewise I was impressed with Portland, an older city than Seattle and having behind it a great producing country. It also had a splendid port in the Columbia River and was sure to

become a large city. Both of these cities have proved such a forecast already, as they have grown to exceed 300,000 in population and are still climbing upward. There is no way to set a limit on their growth.

However, Los Angeles occupies the ideal position and has the supreme elements of metropolitan greatness. I realized this and so I selected the City of the Queen of the Angels for my last home and place of business activity. It was not alone the future prospects for the city that determined my choice. The climate, which, of course, is an important element in that future, had much to do with it, as it has had to do with a like choice made by more than a million people since that day. There are many stories of what the climate of Southern California has done to abate physical disabilities and add to the span of life of large numbers of people, and I will add my own story to them.

When I was about 15 or 16 years of age and before I left my Indiana home to go to college in Pennsylvania, I worked for a time for a contractor who was building a railroad bridge across the Wabash River four miles north of Lafayette and about 10 miles from my home. I was getting a man's pay of $1.50 a day, which was fair wages in those days for common labor. The contractor needed some work done in the

water, which was about three feet deep, and offered $3 a day for it. Being young and ambitious, and also with the usual boyish thouhgtlessness about later consequences, I jumped at this chance to double my wages, but it was a costly experience for me. I suffered from it for a great many years. It was not long before I had an attack of ague, which became acute every other day. I took medicine and had relief for a time, but it would come back at intervals, sometimes not for three or four months.

When I went to college at Mt. Pleasant, Pa., as related elsewhere, the disease was still with me. Its nature was not known there, but they had something similar which they called "intermittant fever," which became strong on alternate days and apparently gone on the intermediate day. The same treatment was given for it that I had used for the ague. My trouble clung to me and the little extra I had made by my double wages was soon consumed in the expense of treatment, to say nothing of the inconvenience and trouble it caused me.

The ague followed me to Kansas and gave me trouble at intervals during all the years of my residence there. It was this fact that had much to do with my selection of Southern California as my future place of residence in preference to the more rainy

and damp portions of the Pacific Coast farther north. The result in the matter of health has amply justified my judgment. It was not very long before my recurrent attacks of intermittant fever ceased to come and I have not had them for years. I have in this wonderful climate already reached the age of 95 years, which I do not believe I would have attained anywhere had my chronic trouble not disappeared, and that alone gives me great satisfaction in the choice I made of a home.

I remembered when I made this decision what I had read of the speech once made by William H. Seward, when Secretary of State. It was he who, in 1867 purchased Alaska from Russia for $7,500,000 with so little approval and confidence of the people generally that it was spoken of as "Seward's Folly." He predicted that in time the commerce of the Pacific Ocean would exceed that of the Atlantic, which meant that business and wealth would become great on the Pacific Coast and very large cities would grow up. This was based on the fact that the number of people living in countries bordering on the Pacific far exceeded those in lands fronting the Atlantic, and that in time they would become great consumers and large industries and cities would naturally grow up to supply them.

During the 40 years of my observation of Los Angeles and the 30 years of actual residence here I have witnessed a wonderful growth, far exceeding even my expectations and forecast at the time I made my choice. It had then 50,000 people. Now it has approximately 1,300,000. It is possible the census next year will reveal the presence here of a million and a half people, the greatest composite of native Americans existing anywhere. Other large cities have great bodies of people of alien birth in their midst, some of them more than 50 percent, but Los Angeles, despite a considerable body of Mexicans and quite a number of other nationalities, is very preponderantly populated by people born in the United States and natives of every state in the Union. Nowhere else is there such a representation in large numbers of the natives of every American state. That makes Los Angeles a composite of the whole United States as is no other city within its limits. It is the one great American city.

When one seeks for the reasons why Los Angeles is forging ahead so rapidly and why there is prosperity here in a greater measure than elsewhere and more continuously, this American character of its population must be taken into account. Without question the most enterprising, most systematic, most op-

timistic, most energetic, and, be it said, the most cheerful and most liberal spending element of our American metropolitan population is the native American. That means that where this element predominates, as it does in Los Angeles, the effects of those qualities must also predominate. Los Angeles is being made what it is, not alone by climate and location, but also by its American population.

The chief assurance of continued growth to a size and wealth hitherto unknown by any city in the world is the fact that the elements which have produced its present development are permanent ones. They will continue to produce like growth down through years yet impossible to number. It is a well established principle in chemistry, that the same ingredients of a mixture, made under the same conditions, will always produce the same result. That is why the future of Los Angeles has no visible limit, because the elements that are at work creating it are permanent.

Los Angeles is already the largest city bordering on the Pacific ocean on the coast of the two Americas. The bulk of the world's population surrounds that great sea. This vast Pacific area has been backward in development in industry, producing power and consumption of products of industry, but is rapidly developing in all those things. In not

many years, as the processes of human development are reckoned, these hundreds of millions will produce and consume and interchange the great bulk of the world's products. No other city seems so likely to be the center of this wonderful activity as does Los Angeles. None other promises so to grow in population, area and wealth. It had its initiative and its first great growth in the productive ability of the great Southern California region of which it became the metropolis, but it will be the productivity of the entire Pacific region, the lands on both sides of the great sea and the islands in its midst, that will be the foundation of its greatness.

Within a quarter of a century I believe there will be within the limits of Los Angeles a population of 5,000,000, and even more if those limits be extended to encompass the actual metropolitan area. Some people now living may before they pass away see here the world's greatest metropolis, with not less than 10,000,000 people, and a surrounding district of the most populous and productive of the whole earth. The great valley between the mountains and the sea extending in one direction below Santa Ana and in the other to include the entire San Fernando valley, and including the region to the east through which the railroads and highways from the east now run, I believe will be one vast

metropolitan area, built almost solidly for residence and business.

It seems to me that there will not be a foot of soil anywhere within this area that will not appreciate greatly in value, especially in districts where values have not already reached a high figure, and that the surest way to make certain a competency for one's children is to acquire some of this soil and hold on to it. This is true also of almost any land in the state of California, varying in degree according to location and quality. For many years to come the movement to California from every state in the Union will continue. The causes which have for years been producing such a movement will, as I have said, continue indefinitely and their effect will continue. Land will be in constantly increasing demand everywhere. No one can visualize the end, short of the greatest population on these western shores of our common country that will be found anywhere within its limits.

No prophecy seems too great. While the future can not be told with mathematical exactness, it does not require imagination alone to see here the world's greatest metropolis, its leader in population, industry, wealth, finance, commerce, and, let us hope, in education and the graces of Christian civilization. Why should not this great city hold aloft the

torch of religion and higher civilization for the guidance of the whole world?

Almost twenty centuries ago a glorious star led the wise men to Bethlehem, where was born the Light of the World. That star has led ever westward since that night when the angel chorus sang: "Peace on earth, good will to men." It now shines from these western shores of our great nation into the darkness of what was once the Orient, but is in fact, as the star moves, the Occident. As we follow that star, as we shed its illumination over the dark places of the earth and bring the teeming millions of those dark places into the light of this Christ star, so shall we be the leaders of mankind into the higher and better life, both here and hereafter.

On December 22, 1833
I began my journey of life
In Tippecanoe County, Indiana.
Born a Hoosier in a new log cabin,
Which was being built, but not completed,
There was no window or chimney,
Hence no fire in the room.

My first night was cold and dreary.
The snow was on the ground.
The frost was in the air.
The old owl was sitting
In the tall oak tree in the yard,
Hooting his doleful song.
The old grey wolf was howling in the woods.
The wild cat's screams were heard.

It was thus I began the battle of life,
Fighting all along the journey,
For ninety years of labor and toil,
And am still "on deck,"
Marching on with my face to the foe,
Having faith and hope for victory,
Never giving up, and when I fall
I want to fall in the ranks,
Marching against the foe.

They tell me I must quit,
For my hair is white, my eyes are dim,
My ears are deaf, my neck is stiff,
My leg is broken and I cannot run,
But I am marching on my daily task pursuing.
Surely I must fight if I would win.
There is work for me to do
In this glorious State of California.

Where the sun shines bright;
Where the stars with glory crown the night,
Where the grass is green,
Where the flowers are blooming,
Where the birds are singing,
Where the cooling air is bracing,
Fed by gentle breezes from grand old ocean—
Where all nature is smilling,
Calling for a nobler life.—G. W. E. Griffith.

"ADDENDUM"

My father has told me many times that my family were descendants from William Griffith, my greatgrandfather. He came to this country in 1775. He had three sons—named William Griffith, John Howard Griffith and Henry Griffith.

William Griffith was my grandfather. They first settled in Maryland, but my grandfather moved to New York and first settled in Ontario County, now Livingston County, near Genesseeo, the present county seat of Livingston County, but migrated from there to Michigan and settled on the River Raisen about one hundred miles from where the City of Detroit now is. On the death of my grandfather and grandmother, my father was then only a small boy, and was taken back to Ontario County, New York, to live with his aunt.

According to my best information my grandfather, William Griffith, was born in Connecticut, and married Freelove Eckley, who came from Wales. They had nine children, as follows:

1. Sarah, born Jan. 28, 1778. Married Benjamin Squier.

2. Charlotte, Married Alexander Ewing.

3. William. Officer in U. S. Army and fought in War of 1812 and at Battle of Tippecanoe.

4. Anna, Married Jan. 22, 1785, to John White.

5. Jemima. Married James Nagg.

6. Nathaniel.

7. Clarissa. Married a Mr. Hungerford.

8. Horatio.

9. James (My father). Married Nancy Hunt, at Geneseo, N. Y., May 20, 1819.

William Griffith, my father's eldest brother, was a captain on the staff of Gen. William Henry Harrison at the battle of Tippecanoe, Nov. 7, 1811. It is related of him that when the troops arrived on the battle ground the Indians pretended friendliness and showed them a good camping place, but my uncle did not trust them and warned the general. He was alert and noted the time of the attack, the first gun being fired at 3:55 in the morning.

My grandfather, William Griffith, who had moved to Michigan, accumulated a considerable estate, but much of it was destroyed at the time of "Hull's Surrender" in the war of 1812, and the remainder was largely lost through the dishonesty of the administrator. The story I heard in my youth was that my father received a cow as his share of the estate, that the cow died and that my father skinned it and carried the hide on his back

some miles and then sold it for fifty cents.

My mother, Nancy Hunt, was born February 22, 1802, and was the daughter of John Hunt, who had a farm at "Hunt's Corners," a few miles from Geneseo, N. Y. Two of her sisters lived near us in Indiana, Polly Van Camp and Betsie Hunt. Polly lies by the side of my mother in the old graveyard on the bank of Burnet's creek, two miles from the Wabash river and six miles north of Lafayette, Indiana. My mother died May 8, 1850, at the old homestead in Tippecanoe county.

After their marriage my father and mother were taken by my uncle, John White, to a place on the Alleghaney river called "Point," where they took a flat boat and floated down to the Ohio and thence to the mouth of the Wabash. Thence they rowed up the Wabash and settled in Washington county, Indiana, where my brother William and my sisters, Mary Ann, Eliza, Nancy and Loretta were born. They then removed to Tippecanoe county, Indiana, and built a log cabin, in which I was born, December 22, 1833, before the cabin was finished.

The members of my father's family were: James Griffith, (Father)—Born May 17, 1798, died Dec. 6, 1876.

Nancy Hunt Griffith (Mother)—Born Feb. 22, 1802, died May 8, 1850.

1. William R. Griffith — Born May 8, 1820, died Feb. 13, 1862.

2. Mary Ann Griffith—Born Aug. 9, 1822, died May 7, 1851.

3. Eliza Ann Griffith — Born March 18, 1825, died Feb. 14, 1900.

4. Nancy Griffith — Born Aug. 29, 1827, died Sept. 19, 1879.

5. Loretta Griffith — Born Feb. 5, 1830, died Feb. 1, 1869.

6. George W. E. Griffith—Born Dec. 22, 1833.

7. Charlotte Griffith—Born June 2, 1836.

8. James M. Griffith—Born Oct. 8, 1840, died May 20, 1912.

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